★ JOHN BULL, APRIL 19, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1818

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NAZIS: NEW FACTS

WHERE DOES FRANCE STAND? By A.G.G.

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You can use them to make deposits in the Post Office and Trustee Saving Banks, to buy National Savings Certificates — 15/- each; or to buy 3% Defence Bonds — £5 each.

Any further advice?
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HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

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Laying down the law is a privilege which the Group Captain claims as his monopoly and when he isn't 'talking shop' he's probably handing out good advice to his subordinates whose well-being he regards as his own personal responsibility.

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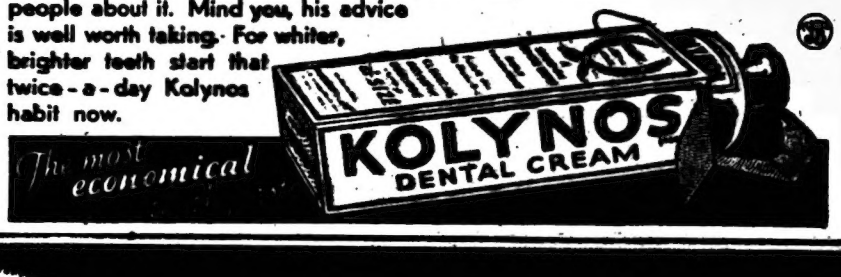

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 19, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HITLER'S PET

● New name in the war is that of General Rommel, who leads the Nazi tank column in Libya.

He comes straight from a job at Hitler's elbow.

In fact, he commanded the picked troops who guard the Fuehrer wherever he goes.

Fairly young, he had an insignificant career in the last war, then joined the police.

Dissatisfied with his slow progress, he became a secret Nazi, and was given high rank in the S.S.

When Hitler came to power, Rommel was among the men chosen to Nazify the Army.

His personal services to the Fuehrer soon made him favoured for a command where he could score an easy success.

It is well known in the upper ranks of Nazidom that he has been picked for still greater "honours."

After all, he belongs to the small circle of Hitler's friends.

So it will be interesting to see what a real general whose name is Wavell does to his reputation.

Straight from the Shoulder

FAITH, SPEED— AND WORK!

WE are in the midst of decisive battles. We have reason to believe that we shall win them.

But we shall not do so without a gigantic effort, far surpassing anything achieved in the past.

The Battle of the Balkans rightly claims our anxious attention. But it is the Battle of the Atlantic on which our fate depends and to which the greatest energy must be applied.

Cockpit of the South

The Balkans are vital to our cause, certainly. None of us will seek to minimise the tremendous events sweeping across those plains and peaks, where so many armies of the past staggered and fell.

Let us praise the little nations that have so valiantly grappled during the last week with the fiercest, foullest force they have ever encountered!

Advance—at a Price

Their heroism has not been in vain.

Greeks and Serbs have scattered frightful death in the ranks of the grey-clad invaders.

British airmen, swooping down on the crowded ravines, have shattered enemy legions. Our troops have fought with skill and force against military columns to avenge the Nazi horrors wreaked on the helpless population of Belgrade.

No Wishful Thinking

They will have served their purpose by weakening the German power.

But do not let us gaze at the Balkans through spectacles tinted by wishful thinking.

Do not under-estimate the Nazi achievement. Do not ignore our dangers. Do not forget the fresh proof of the speed with which Hitler strikes!

Shock Tactics

Again, once again, Hitler has used his sharpest weapon—surprise.

It was known that he would attack the Balkans. It was known that he would counter-attack in Libya.

But the speed of his thrust down the Vardar Valley came as a surprise. The speed of his advance across the sands of North Africa came as a surprise.

More Men Wanted

We do not know for certain the size of our Expeditionary Force in the Balkans.

But one thing is clear. We had to weaken our defences in Libya in order to capture Abyssinia and to aid the Greeks and Serbs.

Could we not have sent more reinforcements from Britain?

They Know

Millions of men are not wanted.

Small forces, perfectly equipped, can defeat much larger armies.

Even better equipment must be the aim of our generals.

Self-Help

The Prime Minister has rejected the doltish doctrine of Safety First.

We have learned, by bitter experience in Norway and elsewhere, that risks must be taken in war, that half-hearted measures lead to heavy defeats.

We can rejoice that the R.A.F. has been strongly reinforced in the Balkans.

We must hope that it will be possible to send all the military supplies we can spare to the Middle East.

Hit Him Hard

No longer are we pulling our punches. But we must use straight rights as well as left hooks.

We must now seek victories with our arms as well as triumphs with our brains.

Hitler has suffered diplomatic disasters. The U.S.A. has been ranged against him. He has been forced into a Balkan war he did not want.

Growing Power

Now he is fighting on three fronts.

He is engaged in the Atlantic, the Balkans, and North Africa.

With our growing Air Force, we shall soon compel him to fight a destructive war on a fourth front—Germany itself.

Havoc Magnified

Our heaviest raids have been but a rehearsal for the searing attacks that we shall launch against the heart of the Nazi empire.

The destruction wreaked in Bremen and Kiel will be eclipsed in every centre of Nazi war industry.

Jolt for Stalin

Desperation may indeed lure our enemies to yet another theatre of war.

They may seek the oil of Iran.

Mr. Churchill has supported the view expressed on this page months ago—that the need of wheat may tempt the Nazis into an attack on Russia.

But so vast an adventure, even if it were to succeed, could not enable Hitler to win the war.

Common-Sense

Even if Hitler marches to the gates of India, it will not assure him of victory, as we have been told by Mr. Churchill.

That is not an orator's hyperbole. It is the plain truth.

The enemy cannot win unless he overwhelms Britain by a direct onslaught, or unless he slashes our life-line across the Atlantic.

Second Thoughts

More than once he has gathered his forces for invasion. More than once he has hesitated and fumbled and postponed his decision.

Now he is intent upon the second method.

By bomber and U-boat and surface raider, he is plunging our ships to the dark depths of the Atlantic.

Darkest Days

Our losses are not so great as in the alarming days of 1918. They are indeed less than half than we suffered then.

But they are greater than we can bear. They are too heavy for us to replace.

We must be prepared to tighten our belts. We must build ships at an even faster rate—not for food, but for the munitions from the United States that will enable us to wear down the swollen weight of Nazidom.

Work and Save

And not only on the seas and in the shipyards can the Battle of the Atlantic be won.

It must be waged in every type of workshop, in the streets and the home.

We must strain our industry to the utmost to supplement American aid.

We must avoid every sort of waste, save every scrap, to lessen the demands on our ships and seamen.

Still Waiting

Queues of women outside employment exchanges must disappear.

Folly to refuse war work to the textile operatives of Lancashire because they are over forty!

Their hands are not soft. Their fingers are nimble from years of tending intricate machines.

Those fingers itch to make shells. They should no longer be kept idle.

Play Your Part!

Not at this vital stage in our struggle for existence should hale men of sixty be deemed too old for clerical work.

No longer should salvage schemes be neglected because of apathy or laziness.

Now, at last, we must use every method to conquer the fiends who made of Belgrade a new Guernica and whose bombs still raze our hospitals.

The Battle of the Atlantic must be and will be won. Every one of us has a part in its all-important progress towards the destruction of Hitlerism!

(Continued overleaf)

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OVER
£50,000 ALREADY PAID!

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **With invasion of Yugoslavia Germany has lost trade turnover of £45,000,000, huge supplies of grain and valuable metals, including bauxite (prime aluminium), of which Yugoslavia is Europe's greatest producer.**

● *Axis chiefs have warned their people that this campaign will be no promenade. Behind this is fear that Slavs will cut main transport routes, block Danube traffic, and, with Britain and Greece, inflict heavier casualties than any previously experienced.*

● **Yugoslavia, it may now be revealed, is the only European country which was granted licences to manufacture certain modern types of British planes and engines. Factories are well hidden and protected from Nazi raiders.**

● **More than 1,000 twenty-ton tank wagons and 50 powerful locomotives carrying Rumanian oil to Germany were seized when invasion began.**

● *Several hundred big Danube barges, many of them fully loaded, were caught in the Yugoslav section of the river.*

● Greatest of all Nazi anxieties is the threat to the Iron Gates—the Danube key point. If these are mined, the use of this vital river will be lost to Germany.

● *Portuguese banks are so confident of British victory that they have begun to bring back the gold deposits sent to U.S.A.*

● **Nazis are pressing Vichy to return refugees from the north to their own homes. Germany offers release of war prisoners from these families and guarantees work in mines and factories of occupied territories. But refugees won't accept.**

● **Axis nationals in the Panama Canal zone are being quietly rounded up. Those over military age are free to live anywhere else in U.S.A., but others are strictly supervised.**

● **Japanese in Panama are also having their licences to trade withdrawn.**

● *Hitler and Mussolini are very disappointed with the Matsuoka visit. Neither was able to pin him down to any promise of action.*

● **Even before the Soviet-Serb pact—two hours before the invasion—Germany suspected that Matsuoka's three-day stop over in Moscow on his way home was inspired by Japanese realisation that the war had turned.**

● **Since Count Teleki was driven to death, anti-German feeling in Hungary has grown stronger and may develop more quickly than Himmler now believes possible.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

ANOTHER Nazi plot gone wrong! **German agents in the U.S.A. have tried to sink ships bound for Britain. But their bombs don't seem to go off.**

One was found in London, another in Glasgow, when American parcels bearing fictitious addresses were opened.

Scotland Yard is co-operating with G-men to stop this traffic.

It's the Army Way

The Forces need more skilled men, it's said. Then why do they waste talent when they get it?

Ship's draughtsman—an expert—was called up, despite his firm's protests. After serving a year he was released for six months.

But, though we need more ships than ever, he must return to the Army next month.

Yes, you can guess what the Army made of him. An officer's batman!

Experience Unwanted

Sergeant pilot, discharged on medical grounds, applied for a commission in the Air Training Corps.

He's been turned down because he's "rather young."

Strange, because at twenty-two he's an air-frame inspector and a member of the firm's bomb disposal squad.

Be Idle—by Order

Equally strange is that fit people are still barred from useful jobs because they are "too old."

R.A.F. billets cleaner, who passed his "medical" and did his work satisfactorily, has been discharged because his age has been found to be sixty-five.

Is It War Work?

Seeing advertisements for temporary Government clerks, a man of sixty volunteered.

He has been offered, instead, a job as a door-to-door canvasser for photograph enlargement orders, or work as a cleaner in a private house.

Unless he accepts, of course, his dole may be stopped.

Too Old at Forty

Letters stream in to us, too, from strong women—"Never had a day's illness in my life"—who are refused war work by employment exchanges because they are just over forty.

Continued assurances that war jobs await every man and woman merely deepen their perplexity and ours.

Kick out the muddlers, Mr. Bevin!

Plenty of Room

Transport muddle is being tackled by a new committee. Railway blunderings will presumably be tackled first.

Colliery surface worker reports that in the last fortnight sixty waggons have been unloaded. Pit-props they held could easily have been carried in thirty-five trucks.

Yet there is a shortage of trucks!

Hold-Up

Goods accepted in Birmingham for delivery in the North are returned after ten days. Excuse: a clearing station is "temporarily closed."

A.F.S. pumps, taken from the factory to the nearest goods station, are there weighed, and taken back past the factory by lorry for despatch from another station.

Miles of extra running: petrol and time wasted.

Rail "System"

Surrey woman, wanting to send goods by rail, had to telephone four stations before collection was arranged.

Vanman refused payment. Days later, another van arrived to collect the charge of 3s. 7d. No one was at home, so a large invoice was left.

Money was sent off, as instructed, to a different station. Large van again called for the money.

Now a receipt has arrived—from Waterloo!

So you needn't wonder why "running costs" are high.

Money for Jerry

Good British money is being sent regularly to Germany.

It is paid in respect of German patents used by British firms, some of which are munition makers!

The money, of course, helps to finance the Nazi war effort. But it's all in accordance with international law, which Jerry so contemptuously rejects.

True but Incredible

Almost as surprising is a woman's complaint that she had to queue up for hours outside a shop that advertised a sale of eggs. And she was allowed to buy four dozen!

Note to readers: Don't bother to write that you haven't bought even half a dozen for months. We know.

Obvious Solution

Next little war puzzle comes from Abertysswg, where schoolchildren had to be sent home on two days recently owing to coal shortage.

Five minutes away is a colliery that keeps a motor lorry for deliveries.

Cool-Headed

Beyond understanding, too, is that troops in some Scottish quarters are not allowed to light a fire in bitter weather even though their unit has thirty tons of coal in store.

Can it be part of the "hardening" process?

Hard Billet

Other soldiers, billeted in a house that had been empty for six years, were told to clean it up for the C.O.'s inspection.

They "scrounged" brooms and brushes, polished water taps with their own cleaning materials.

"Very nice," said the C.O. He didn't notice the paper peeling from the walls because of damp.

Why Advertise?

"Lose no time!" urge the appeals for R.A.F. volunteers.

Young man accepted as a pilot last October is still waiting for training.

Youths accepted as "tradesmen" have been sent from Aberdeen to Edinburgh to be attested and then sent home for months. While waiting, they cannot join the Home Guard or other Services.

Nice for the Lads

This apparent glut of R.A.F. recruits may explain why some men already in the Service are being "loaned" to play in theatre and dance orchestras—at salaries of not less than £12 a week.

Stop This Bosh!

Recent American magazines of a dozen different kinds can be bought from chain stores and bookstalls.

All represent valuable cargo space that should be filled with munitions—or even food.

War Waste

Expensively produced circulars urge you to buy jewellery and other luxuries. Twenty-paged shopping lists are crammed into letter-boxes.

Don't let this waste stop you from saving paper. But it should make you wonder if the Paper Controller is awake.

Where's the Supervisor!

The Fighting Services are presumably more watchful now that so many glaring instances of waste have been castigated by Parliament.

But here and there the old camp scandal continues.

One workman engaged on building a camp reports to us, "There is not one building without a bad crack; the sewerage system is absolutely disgraceful."

Work Scamped

Another builder denies that air raid shelters have collapsed because they were built with lime and sand mortar.

He has surveyed hundred-year-old houses built with lime mortar that are still perfectly sound.

Real trouble, he asserts, is that the shelters were scamped by the contractors.

Three for Two

Certainly there are far too many street shelters in some districts.

Material for three more was recently dumped in a Wandsworth street. After the foundations had been laid, the council discovered that only two residents would use the shelters if they were erected.

So the material has been carted away and the road will have to be repaired.

Arsenic for Hitler

Great quantities of arsenic are being imported by Germany from the Swedish Boliden mines. Arsenic is an ingredient of poison gas.

Of course, Hitler may not use gas even in his last desperate attempt to win. But don't take risks—carry your mask with you!

QUEER MEDICAL BOARDS

THE body-snatchers are at it again—the "Blimps" on the Medical Boards who *will* snatch men for the Services even when they are quite unfit to serve.

During the last war John Bull continually attacked those doctors whose zeal outran their discretion, and whose authority was so often greater than their competence.

Many of them were "Blimps," men with narrow, single-track minds who seemed to think that a Medical Board's prime duty was to rush every possible recruit into uniform regardless of his value to the country.

Some of them boasted that no "dodgers" could hoodwink them. They suspected malingering every time, whereas, in fact, it was exceedingly rare.

They hoodwinked themselves. They were blind to facts. They were deaf to the voice of common-sense.

Innumerable tragedies and scandals resulted from their greed to "pass" everybody who was not obviously unfit.

WE HAD HOPED THAT THIS ANCIENT SCANDAL WOULD NEVER RECUR, BUT IT HAS RECURRED. WEEK AFTER WEEK WE HEAR FROM READERS OF CASES EXACTLY COMPARABLE TO THOSE WHICH ROUSED OUR INDIGNATION AND ANGER SOME TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

In a recent issue we instanced the "murder" of a poor boy with a shocking medical history, who was, nevertheless, passed into Grade I, only to die after an operation, which became necessary within three weeks of his joining his unit.

John Bull TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REMIND THE AUTHORITIES, AND, IN PARTICULAR, THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR, THAT THE NUMBER OF TUBERCULAR PATIENTS IN MILITARY HOSPITALS ROSE ALARMINGLY LAST YEAR.

If these men had really been fit for service they would not have cracked up. In fact, no medical board should have passed them. But they were passed; they do occupy beds in military hospitals and, eventually, they have to be invalided out.

Perhaps the recent warning to all boards that every recruit should be asked to sign a declaration that he has never suffered from tuberculosis may reduce this particular wastage of money and man-power.

But the warning itself would not have been necessary if the examining doctors had done their work faithfully, sensibly and without prejudice.

Furthermore, concern has been expressed in medical journals in regard to the many neurotics who are being passed into Grade I by incompetent boards.

We realise that it may be more difficult to diagnose a serious nervous condition than to diagnose consumption. The fact remains that specialists have been protesting at the number of "neurotics" who have been forced to give up civilian work, which they might do reasonably well, only to become a dead loss to the Army.

It is scarcely necessary for us to point out the individual hardship and loss which often result from these shocking medical decisions.

We are, however, bound to emphasise the fact that the victims have no redress, and that their dependent relatives have no claim to compensation.

Recently, for instance, one young man, who had suffered for years from myocarditis (inflammation of the heart muscles), was, nevertheless, passed fit, only to be discharged soon afterwards.

This poor fellow is now informed that he cannot get a pension because his condition is not due to military service.

HAD HE DIED, AS MANY ANOTHER LUCKLESS RECRUIT *HAS* DIED, FROM THE DISEASE WHICH THE MEDICAL BOARD OUGHT TO HAVE DISCOVERED BEFORE HE WAS ENLISTED, HIS PARENTS OR HIS WIDOW WOULD HAVE BEEN EQUALLY DEBARRED FROM PENSION RIGHTS.

It cannot easily be proved that the death in service of an unfit man would not have occurred had he continued in his normal occupation. On the other hand, it *might* not have occurred, and we do not see how the State can escape its moral liability.

John Bull takes the view that every man passed for service against the opinion of his family doctor or against the broad facts of his personal medical record should have the right to appeal to some specialist tribunal.

Perhaps a small minority of would-be shirkers *might* delay their call-up by this means, but in nine cases out of ten no appeal would be made except upon honest and reasonable grounds.

And again, we ask, what does the cheap triumph of one "wangler" matter in comparison with the fair and reasonable treatment of nine decent and willing, but physically unfit, men?

Apart from all question of pension and pension rights, everybody knows that it is not always possible for a man discharged from the Army to return to his old civilian job. It may be still less easy for him to build up his own business again.

And it is abominably unfair that anybody's useful career should be interrupted or smashed simply because the "Blimps" and "Body-Snatchers" demand their pound of flesh.

In this connection, John Bull also protests most strongly against the disclosure on exemption or rejection papers of the medical board's findings.

One youth, thus rejected for epilepsy, had to go back to his firm to explain the situation, and was dismissed immediately because of that one damning word. The civil defence services would not accept him for the same reason, nor, at least for some time, was he able to find any alternative employment.

WE could, if space permitted, quote instance after instance of medical board verdicts which have been reversed by doctors in the Forces and ought never to have been given.

IN SOME CASES WE FEAR THAT THE WISE SAFEGUARD WHICH ORDAINS THAT EVERY RECRUIT SHOULD BE EXAMINED BY A PANEL OF THREE TO FIVE DOCTORS IS NOT PROPERLY OBSERVED.

Some of our readers, at all events, assert that when they were called up they saw only one doctor, and we are convinced that in many cases, though there may be three or more practitioners present, the actual examination becomes a one-man job.

John Bull's criticism of the medical boards, however, is general rather than particular. We know full well that no system could be devised which would be proof against all errors of judgment and guarantee a proper verdict on every recruit.

We can forgive the doctors their genuine mistakes, but we cannot condone their prejudices. We resent the tendency of so many "G.P.s" on medical boards to believe that the average young fellow who pleads sick *wants* to evade service.

IF by any chance the "Blimps" on these boards should get it into their obstinate heads that the candidate before them, far from wanting to dodge the column, is eager for duty, they are forthwith inclined to "turn him down."

Thus, we know of one man who, after rejection by a medical board, anxiously consulted his private doctor, who assured him that he was suffering from nothing but a minor ailment of no serious consequence whatever.

This man is still a milk roundsman, and another, eager to join the Forces in any capacity, has been completely rejected because he has a stiff finger on his *left* hand.

WE ALSO KNOW OF A LAD IN THE ARMY WHO WAS UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BREAK HIS SPECTACLES AFTER SIX MONTHS' HAPPY SERVICE, AND WAS DISCHARGED UNFIT WHEN HE APPLIED FOR ANOTHER PAIR AND HIS EYES WERE RE-EXAMINED.

Similarly a girl, who is an excellent shorthand typist in civil life, was refused permission to join the W.A.A.F. in a clerical capacity because her eyesight was not up to the required standard.

All these absurd decisions are handicapping the nation's war effort. Now that so many more men are to register, together with a million or more young women, it becomes doubly important to examine them with scrupulous care and to accept or reject each recruit solely upon the medical evidence.

And we suggest that, to this end, the Government should hold the members of every board individually and severally responsible for careless or wrongful decisions and that, when detected, the "Blimps" and "Body-Snatchers" should be visited with severe penalties.

HUMAN MACHINE

Can You Reason?

WE all like a good argument, but we cannot all argue!

Most people's arguments are "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Any impartial listener could point to nearly as many fallacies in their arguments as there were words.

Let us glance at some examples of bad reasoning that are abroad to-day.

The House of Commons, for instance, has just rejected a proposal to open theatres on Sunday. The argument runs as follows:—

The House of Commons has rejected Sunday opening.

The House of Commons represents the opinion of the country.

The opinion of the country has therefore rejected Sunday opening.

We are not concerned with the rights and wrongs of the matter. We are simply looking at it as an example of bad reasoning.

It is bad because it assumes what it sets out to prove—namely, that the House of Commons represents the opinion of the country.

It may do—but only an election could prove or disprove it.

Here is another piece of faulty reasoning. It has been stated again and again:—

Rationing is good for us because we were all eating too much before it was introduced.

Now, rationing is necessary. It may even be good for us—though that has yet to be proved.

But again, in order to justify rationing, the argument assumes what has to be proved—namely, that we were all eating too much before.

It is not easy to learn to reason coldly and unemotionally.

But one of the best ways to learn is to examine with care, as here, the arguments used on you by other people!

SEVEN MILLION DERELICT ACRES CAN SAVE US FROM FAMINE!

The Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—We were nearly beaten in the last war by food shortage. To-day our problems are even greater.

We are prepared to tighten our belts. But we cannot do without the staple necessities of life.

Our food production is far less than our bare needs.

We cannot afford to import vast food stocks from the United States. Cargo space is urgently needed for munitions and aircraft.

Therefore, much more food must be grown in our own land.

It is a fertile land. The Nazis would give their eyes for its rich soil.

Yet seven million acres of it still lie derelict!

Thousands of acres are wasted on deer parks. Thousands of acres are covered with gorse. Thousands—hundreds of thousands—of acres are waterlogged and barren.

Enormous areas are actually being driven out of cultivation for use by the Army.

Golf-courses and public parks are still reserved for pleasure—when the nation is concentrated on the grimmest struggle in history.

I am not unmindful of the efforts you have made to repair this gigantic folly. I know you have striven hard to remedy the neglect of decades.

You can boast that, since war began, land under cultivation has been increased from 28 per cent. to 42 per cent., as against 38 per cent. in 1918.

But we have six million more people to feed than in 1918!

Plainly, therefore, the grave warning uttered by Mr. Lloyd George must be heeded if we are to escape the evils of malnutrition.

Significantly, a great landowner who dubs himself a Diehard Tory—Lord Winterton—is equally emphatic in his demand for immediate and drastic action.

First, there must be a national programme for land drainage.

It is preposterous that some drainage boards are too poor to carry out the work. It is monstrous that others should be too lazy to do so.

We have the money, we have the men necessary for the task.

Make the Treasury disgorge the money. Tell the Army that men could be better employed than picking up scraps of paper in huge camps!

You have obtained 3,000 Pioneers for drainage work. Three thousand from an Army of more than 4,000,000 men!

You must insist that no more men are called-up from the land.

One woman tells me that she is threatened with the loss of her farm unless she carries out a ploughing-up order.

How can she obey? Her husband has been seized for the Army. No other labour is available.

A man bought £2,000 worth of new farm machinery last autumn. He will not be able to use it.

He, too, has been called-up. His farm must become derelict.

You must also see that prejudice does not hamper the employment of "land girls." You should exert your influence with wealthy landlords who preserve private parks.

Above all, do not doubt that the country will support you if the Treasury begrudges support for such necessary schemes.

Place your demands before the House of Commons and you'll get what you want!—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. A. P. YOUNG, Director of Labour Supply

DEAR SIR,—Even now your officials do not seem to know what Mr. Bevin has ordered.

A Scotswoman lives in a distressed area. Her husband and young son cannot get work. She volunteered for work in Coventry or Birmingham, hoping to help her family.

Though she worked on munitions in the last war and is only forty now, she is not considered "suitable."

A foreman with twenty-seven years' experience in machine tool fitting spends most of his time in hanging around, waiting for work.

But his application for transfer to a really useful post has been turned down.

I can't understand it. Can you?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. EVERARD, Barden Hall, Leicester

MADAM,—I hope you have wasted your money in advertising for a parlourmaid. For you state that you already have five maids to serve a family of two.

It is indefensible that a few wealthy people should ignore the nation's need of economy and the demand for women for war work.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal SIR G. COURTNEY, Chief of R.A.F. Supply

DEAR SIR,—Please rectify this muddle-headed injustice:

Proprietress of a seaside hotel was ordered to billet twenty-five airmen. She gave notice to her permanent boarders, bought single beds and additional blankets at a cost of £25.

When the arrangement was cancelled she was told she would receive compensation. Despite her letters of protest, however, she cannot get it.

Now, unable to pay her way, she is threatened with a stoppage of the electricity supply. What excuse can there be for not saving her from avoidable hardship?—JOHN BULL.

Major G. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Stupid unfairness makes the cheese ration a bad joke.

Munition workers, toiling ten or twelve hours six days a week, get an ounce a week. Market gardeners who do not hold agricultural employment cards cannot get more.

Yet men employed on luxury gardening in the grounds of a big house have been granted the eight-ounce-a-week ration!

Such anomalies are not to the taste of real war workers.—JOHN BULL.

Judge ALLSEBROOK, Kendal County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—Accept my thanks for snubbing a landlord who tried to evict a woman and her five evacuees.

It was a ridiculous contention that, by accepting the evacuees, she had used her bungalow as a boarding-house.

There will always be good and bad landlords, but those who show no consideration in these times deserve an exceptionally sharp rebuke. I'm glad you have administered it.—JOHN BULL.

Lord CROFT, War Office

MY LORD,—There is too much loose talk about blackout offences in Army camps. One of my reporters, touring a great camp at night, found no cause for complaint.

But he was perturbed by the powerful headlights on Army lorries. A convoy of twenty or thirty lorries would show enough light to form a good target for enemy bombers.

I have heard suggestions that the raiding of a certain area may have been prompted by such a convoy.

And I suggest to you that dimming instructions should be enforced on all military vehicles.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, Bournemouth Town Council

DEAR SIR,—If everyone were like you, heaven help Britain!

Obstinately, Bournemouth refuses the Government's request to instal plant that would convert kitchen waste into pig food.

In a few months' time, you say, we shall have lots of food coming in by our ships.

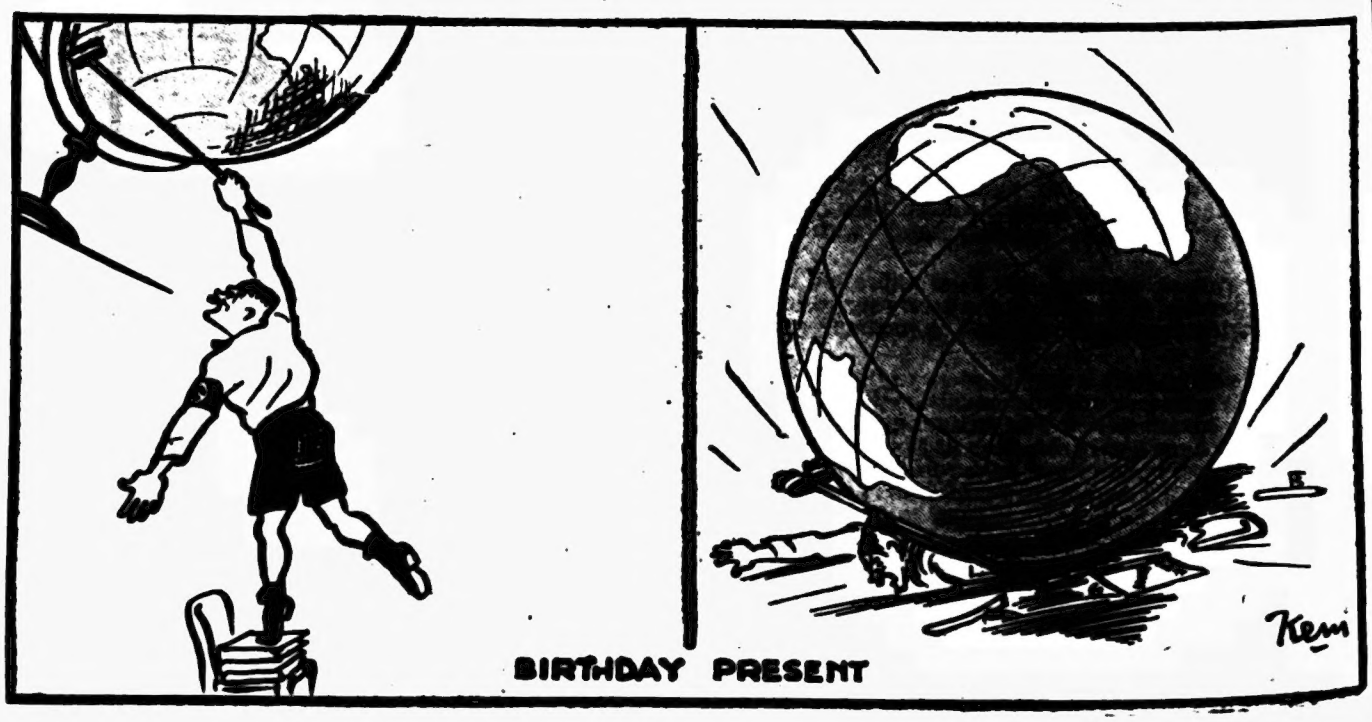
What a feeble excuse for tolerating waste that imperils seamen's lives!

Bournemouth, I hope, is ashamed of its council.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P. London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—Of course, you were joking when you offered to tell any M.P. on the quiet how to dodge the Excess Profits Tax.

But I wish you'd tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in deadly earnestness, how to stop the business men who are so easily making the tax into a sorry farce.—JOHN BULL.



HE FORGOT THE DRUMS

Mussolini had planned a gigantic pincers-movement to grasp the Eastern treasure chest beyond the African territory he had "conquered" with poison gas. But the world's arch boaster not only underestimated Britain's punch; he also forgot the "wireless of the wilds"

By HOWARD DRAYTON

The "wireless of the wilds" has been beating day and night, monotonously, interminably . . . spelling the doom of Fascist "conquest"

AMONG the vast mountains and thick bush of a civilisation older than Ancient Rome the talking drums of East Africa have spoken the death-knell of Fascist conquest.

In Ethiopia, in Italian Somaliland, in Eritrea, the "wireless of the wilds" has been beating day and night, monotonously, interminably.

The language is an age-old Semitic tongue, called Ge'ez, now no longer used by word of mouth.

It is based upon primitive Ethiopian literature which consisted mostly of collections of Biblical phrases and saws devised by Solomon, author of proverbs and songs.

Back through 3,000 years the drums have rolled at all fateful moments.

This time they have swelled to a crescendo in the country's swift release from bondage.

Little more than six months ago Mussolini placed in position the final piece in his vast African jigsaw.

His "conquest" of Abyssinia had been only one of the pieces. Since 1850 Italy had watched every development in Ethiopia, preparing plans for a final thrust deep into the treasure-chest of Africa.

Shortly after the Suez Canal was completed Italy proclaimed her avowed object to make known her "immense power" throughout Africa.

King Killed in Battle

She bought the port of Assab. Later her troops occupied Beilul and Massawa, and the occupation was savagely contested by Abyssinian chieftains, who attacked Italian detachments. King John, who was then ruler, was killed in battle.

Negotiations between Ethiopia and Italy were concluded successfully, and, when Menelik claimed the throne, the Treaty of Uccailli was signed.

Italy was playing for time and safety, never once forgetting her East African plans.

Much was to be accomplished. The utmost secrecy was absolutely essential.

Menelik died. His grandson was deposed in favour of his daughter, whose nephew, Ras Tafari, was appointed co-ruler.

The empress died in 1930, and Tafari became ruler, being crowned Negus Haile Selassie I.

When the Fascist hordes invaded his country in October, 1935, Haile Selassie mobilised his forces, but he lacked transport and could boast little munitions of war.

Adowa fell on the night of October 6. That night the talking drums were heard again, calling in voices loud and strong. . . .

De Bono, later superseded by Badoglio, invaded from the north.

From the south, Butcher Graziani led his troops into the heart of the ancient civilisation.

Bombs and poison-gas overwhelmed the Ethiopians, and by April 30, 1936, racing the torrential rains, the Italians seized Addis Ababa, an abandoned capital.

As Haile Selassie fled, to be taken in a British cruiser from Djibouti to Haifa, the talking drums spoke again, carrying a parting message of hope.

Three days later Badoglio entered the capital, riding a white charger.

A bomb was thrown, a crude affair, doing little damage.

For that act of desperate vengeance 6,000 innocent Ethiopians, men, women and children, were butchered as reprisal.

And, on the night of May 5, from the Ethiopian mountains, the drums spoke in a terrible voice.

By dawn a mighty oath had been sworn that no Italian "conqueror" would remain alive on Ethiopian soil, though it took until the crack of doom to exterminate them.

In his arrogance Mussolini thought Ethiopia now belonged to Italy for ever, and his greed coveted richer lands beyond.

As a mighty leaping-board towards full power over the Dark Continent a point between the Juba River and Lake Tana was chosen.

Coveted Richer Lands

Plans were already maturing there for a smaller, "self-contained" Italian East African "empire."

This was to be the arsenal. And Italian Somaliland would provide the first real stepping-stone to African power.

Somaliland was one of Italy's oldest colonies, and, like his predecessors, Mussolini lavished thousands of million lira upon it.

Thousands of acres of fine produce were force-produced from the black soil. The outlying country was used for military roads, aircraft bases, fortifications.

Eventually he would quickly absorb all Ethiopia, Eritrea, French and British East Africa; then, turning, thrust west, north and south.

The gigantic plan was conceived and devised with utmost care. It was based upon a strategy almost, but not quite, proof against any element of surprise.

But Mussolini reckoned without that one strange element—that natural, primitive science of the philosophic Ethiopian and Somali nomad tribesmen.

As the native soldiers sweated under the appalling heat of the African sun, they leaned knowingly on their spears or rifles and spoke in their own tongue.

"One day . . . our drums will speak again, and the British will come. . . ."

On the assumption that his High Command's plan of African campaign was a fairly simple undertaking, Mussolini decided to stage what he knew might well prove the classic example for future military historians.

The Plan Miscarried

There was to be a gigantic pincers-like movement through the Western Desert, from Libya in the north-west, along the Blue Nile bed through Khartoum, and from Eritrea and Ethiopia in the south-east.

Within the compass of that plan Mussolini might have manœuvred his forces at ease. He may quite conceivably have swept Britain for ever from North and East Africa!

Moreover, had his plans carried successfully, they would have laid the keys of the Near and Middle East treasure-chests in the lap of the dictatorship.

But Mussolini had conceived his daring scheme in abysmal ignorance of British bush-knowledge combined with that ancient philosophy of the native nomads—and had forgotten to take into account the talking drums. Something went wrong. . . .

The drums had been speaking since the very conception of Italian African aims.

They had sent secret reports from Ethiopia, from Eritrea, from Somaliland. The innermost secrets of Italy's plans were told as soon as they were devised!

There is an Ethiopian patriot named Lorenzo Taezaz. He is a former delegate to the League of Nations.

On more than one occasion since the Italian "conquest" of his ravaged country the Fascist High Command has boasted that Taezaz was prisoner. Then he was reported killed.

But, in fact, Lorenzo Taezaz, until February, 1940, eluded his would-be murderers, remained in Ethiopia.

He was in direct contact with his exiled emperor, transmitting every move, every plan, every development undertaken by Italian forces, in their garrisons, at their air bases, their fortifications, communications and lines of supply.

With those priceless details the British Imperial plan of campaign was given invaluable assistance.

Patriots scattered about the country were detailed to transmit all strategic information.

Interpreters with the British troops "read" the messages as they came rolling and reverberating across the mountain ranges to the north, across the vast central plateau, and down to the desert wastes of Italian Somaliland itself.

I Know Their Voice

I know those talking drums. I have listened to their voice on more than one memorable occasion.

David Livingstone said of them: "Directly I leave a village the drums begin to speak."

But how they spoke, what language it was, and the manner in which their messages covered vast distances so speedily remained a complete mystery to the famous explorer, who, of all men, knew most things African.

The drums actually speak words. Moreover, there are "female" drums, which speak in high tones, and "male," in lower!

In the great log-like instruments, carved in the shape of a human mouth, there is often no skin. The drummer knows exactly the points to strike on the shell to transmit the right word.

And the entire language of the drums is composed of about one hundred syllables, each one "spoken" distinctly, using heads, rings, bells and leather thongs fixed inside the shell.

The drums used by Ethiopian patriots have been "broadcasting" secret news of the white man *long before the white man himself received his official orders!*

During the campaign in East Africa in the last war I was one of a small number of prisoners held by the Germans in a barracks on the heights of Kilimanjaro.

We were unarmed, some of us were sick men, and we were more or less helpless.

Some of our captors treated us with consideration. Certainly we were more fortunate than a score of lovely, smooth-shouldered native girls whom the German officers and N.C.O.s had seized. For them there seemed little or no hope of salvation.

Memorable Morning

Then, at dawn one memorable morning, we heard the talking drums speak!

From a distance more than 200 miles away they were telling us of British victories in and around Moshi.

The Germans could hear those drums as clearly as we could.

But they could not read the "news." The native girls could . . . and their combined action was prompt, swift and effective, and helped make another page in African history.

Recently, as our Imperial troops have advanced with such amazing speed into enemy and occupied territory in East Africa, the drums have spoken words of victory.

At the gates of Harar, outside the stronghold of Keren, they urged patriots forward to the assistance of our all-conquering armies.

What a roll of praise they will speak when the last of the Italians have been swept out.

NAZIS—NEW FACTS

What are things really like in Germany? Here's first-hand news brought through the haze of Goebbels' fairy stories. It reveals the deadly accuracy of the R.A.F.—and what ordinary Germans are thinking.

DESTRUCTION and depression in Berlin!

The German capital has not had to wait for our Bigger and Better Bombs to be rocked by the R.A.F.'s crippling power and deadly aim.

For the first time, a graphic picture of the havoc in Naziland can be presented.

Startling information has been given by a neutral woman of high standing and integrity.

Until the middle of last month, when she was allowed to leave for Lisbon, she had lived in Berlin for years.

Her house was in Dahlem, a fashionable residential district in the south-west of the city.

It was considered a safe area—until the R.A.F. came.

Gas Plotters Bombed

Heavy bombs rained down as soon as the sirens sounded. But not on the wealthy houses.

They fell neatly on the Chemical Institute of the Nazi Army, where the Jewish scientist Haber invented the first poison gas mixtures of the last war.

In this war, too, it was the headquarters of the gas warfare plotters.

There the gas was tested before being produced in large quantities at Leuna, near Halle, and at Stolzenberg, in Hamburg.

Some of the residents of Dahlem had no idea of the nature of the building in their midst.

But the R.A.F. knew.

Before the people had time to run to their shelters, the district was shaken by terrific explosions.

Then wardens dashed through the streets, shouting "Put your gas masks on!"

"Have they got it?" one warden was asked.

"Yes," he shouted back. "The whole place is wrecked and on fire!"

Hours were spent in dread before it was announced that the danger of gas had passed.

Next morning, streets adjoining the laboratory were cordoned by police and the firemen were still busy.

But, from a distance, spectators could see that nothing was left of the huge modern building.

One item of evidence that the R.A.F. bomb-aimers shoot well!

Blown to Pieces

Others were provided by the same raid.

All factories around the Klingenberg power station, including an important aero engine works, were blown to pieces.

Direct hit was scored on the power station itself, which is the equivalent of the Battersea grid station in London.

Luckily for the Germans, only part of the plant was destroyed.

Nevertheless, all Berlin's industry was idle for hours until sufficient current could be obtained from Golpa, near Leipzig.

No coincidence, either, was a direct hit on a building hidden in quiet countryside, twenty-five miles from the city.

That building was the wireless testing institute of Nauen.

In Hamburg, very little damage is visible in the centre of the city.

But neutral journalists, taken there to marvel at the "weakness" of British attacks, are not allowed in the docks area.

Damage to the docks is so vast as to be irreparable.

Harburg, which is to Hamburg what Birkenhead is to Liverpool, has been laid waste.

In Bremen, entire streets have been completely destroyed.

Hanover's oil tanks and rubber stores are mostly in ruins.

The industrial areas of Cologne resemble Coventry.

Britain need not doubt, therefore, that Germans are being well dosed with their own fiery physic.

But JOHN BULL, having no taste for soothing syrup, feels bound to present the full facts as reported by this trustworthy neutral informant.

She states that, contrary to British reports, the railway system is working almost normally in Germany.

She pays high tribute to the German genius for repairing or hiding bomb damage whenever it is humanly possible.

Repair squads are rushed up—and finish the job—at a speed that makes British efforts seem lame.

Revelation Confirmed

Her information confirms JOHN BULL'S revelation last month that all German bricklayers, whatever their age, have been mobilised for the army to help this repair hustling.

After destruction comes depression.

Bombing is spreading discontent and nervousness in the enemy's camp.

One symptom is the extreme irritability of ordinary Germans.

Whenever they are crowded together—in rush-hour trams, food queues or in the shelters during Alerts—arguments and scuffling are almost certain to arise from the most trifling matters.

The food situation, however, is not desperate.

It has greatly improved since last summer—thanks, no doubt, to the perfidy of the Vichy Government.

But there is much discontent because wealthy people can buy extra food at fantastic prices in the Black Markets.

There is a grave shortage of professional men, especially doctors. The persecution of Jewry is now acting as a boomerang.

Nobody trusts the younger doctors, for the Nazi medical examinations are superficial. Political outlook and physical fitness are considered more important than adequate knowledge of medicine and surgery.

Older doctors are overworked, refuse new patients.

Youth movements have been killed by war needs. Young hikers have become factory robots.

Social welfare has come to an abrupt end, except in Jewish quarters.

Only Nazi officials and the young are now determined supporters of Hitlerism.

The bulk of the nation shows no interest in official propaganda. Listening-in to Britain is on the increase.

Naturally, the listeners do not discuss what they hear, even among their friends. Fear of being denounced is still strong.

Nevertheless, war talk is becoming franker.

Even at the climax of Hitler's victories in the West last summer there was no real enthusiasm among the great masses of the German people.

Ever since there has been growing scepticism.

Shadow of Defeat

Despite the Gestapo, soldiers and civilians often make cautious remarks on the unlikelihood of a complete German victory.

There is much talk about the United States and the decisive American aid to the Allies in the last war.

On the other hand, there is no question of any political opposition to Hitler.

Such are the conditions described by an observer who has no axe to grind.

They should support the view that the ever-increasing weight of the R.A.F. will, in time help to shatter the monstrous framework of Nazidom.

The R.A.F. hit vital military and industrial targets, but houses inevitably suffer, too. Here's a scene from Berlin

Hitler Shows Way to His Own Defeat

THE German army's thrust into the Balkans provides the R.A.F. with admirable bases to strike at the main Nazi arsenal.

Austria, where more armament works are concentrated than in any other part of the Reich, is now wide open to attack by British bombers.

Ever since the R.A.F. has pounded the Ruhr and the Rhineland mercilessly and incessantly, essential Nazi industries have been moved to Austria.

This big evacuation was carried out in great secrecy.

* * *

From Jugoslavian air bases, too, it will be easy for the R.A.F. to reach the huge oil tanks in the so-called Winterhafen of Vienna.

What oil has been brought from Rumania in Danube barges is stored there or being refined near by at Korneuburg.

Wiener Neustadt, even nearer to Jugoslavia and Greece, has been turned into a major centre of Nazi armaments production.

Hirtenberg, where Austria's pocket Zaharoff, Fritz Mandl, once ruled supreme, is now a branch, an important branch, of the Hermann Goering Works, turning out arms and munitions destined to supply Hitler's Balkan army.

The Iron Works at Erzberg—scores of other vital Nazi industries are within easy reach of Britain now.

* * *

But even more important: Austria is the base of Hitler's Balkan march.

All the paraphernalia of modern warfare which his army needs are concentrated in Styria, right across the Jugoslav border.

True, the battle may sway hither and thither.

The Jugoslavs may be forced to give up territory and to withdraw to their pre-arranged lines of defence behind covering mountain ranges. But the R.A.F. will always be able to fly over-head towards what is now Hitler's Achilles' heel.

Danube ports of Vienna and Linz, essential to Hitler's elaborate scheme of inland shipping, are at the mercy of British bombs.

Millions have been spent to turn the Danube docks into most modern establishments. It cannot be long now before all that is left of them is rubble and ruins.

In the long run, Hitler will have to admit how vulnerable he is in this part of the world.

Already I can foresee British columns taking the offensive alongside their Jugoslav and Greek Allies to attack Hitler on his own ground.

They will eventually battle their way northwards towards Austria, the first country to fall to his treacherous onslaught.

* * *

Just as Abyssinia has been liberated with the help of Abyssinian patriots, so will a British march on Austria find help from a large section of the Austrian people who are now helplessly forced into the Nazi war.

From Austria alone in the Third Reich we have received reports about anti-Nazi demonstrations when Frau Goering dared to show her diamond tiara to the starving women of Vienna.

In Vienna, too, British leaflet raiders were cheered last year.

Hitler will live to regret his latest aggression. He himself has shown Britain the surest and quickest way to his own defeat.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

NEWS FOR ENGINEERS

To cope with the demand for "General Engineering Workshop Practice" the offer of this new war time book bargain is extended for a short time only. Turn to Page 23 and act quickly.

WITH BEVIN
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Ministry of Supply
factory.

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I guessed it. The
had already told me

WITH BEVIN'S ARMY: III—And now our tour of the war factories takes you among the men who were hardest hit by the Great Depression. They pawned tools, sold homes, to live. To-day they work in the worst blitz, untiring, unafraid.—By MAURICE FAGENCE

The Tonks are on Parade!

I DIDN'T have to ask the way to the Ministry of Supply armaments factory.

The roads leading to its well-guarded gates were black with cyclists.

By black I *mean* black, and not chock-a-block—black being the prevailing colour of the many thousands of engineers at this particular arsenal.

They rode incredibly dilapidated bicycles which screamed to heaven for a spot of oil. String and rusty wire, I noticed, were the favourite repair mediums.

Still, I remembered that the skilled shoe craftsmen of Northampton are the worst shod workers in the country—and didn't belittle their engineering abilities on account of that.

King of that factory is a man known as the Superintendent, a Scot, tall, broad, smiling-eyed, and fiftyish.

According to all opponents I have listened to of the State management of essential services, that man ought to have been a hopeless nonentity. No profits, no incentive. You know the arguments.

He was more than on top of his job. He was on top of everybody's job.

The door opened every minute. The telephone rang every half minute. His mind flashed from subject to subject, and on every subject he spoke as a master.

Whitehall rang. It was suggested that he should take a certain precaution.

"An excellent precaution," he replied. "I took it months ago."

The next moment he appeared to be discussing the bugs that eat rifle butts in tropical countries.

Bright as a Diamond

An intricate machine part was put on the desk before him—straight from the cutter, and as bright as any diamond. He nodded as a receipt.

An outside firm rang to ask where they could get a particular process done in connection with an experiment.

He listed all the firms that could do such work, told how long each would take, and turned to the next caller.

"No, not that gauge," he told the man. "Try this"—and wrote down symbols more mysterious to me than Finnish shorthand.

There was a trunk call. Somebody was reporting that a particular job had just been completed.

"I thank you," he told them over the telephone. "I thank you and your workers for the speed with which you have helped us, and the excellence of the work so far as we have examined it."

There was boyish delight on his face after one 'phone message. "They've found me a new foreman," he said, "and they're not easy to get."

And at last he was able to turn to me.

"You want to go round my place to learn something about Mr. Bevin's men?" he said. "I don't think we can do better than begin with this."

And he picked up the bright metal object that had been put before him.

"Now there are some ungenerous people who just will not realise how important an engineer is to the nation," he said.

"Munition factories are funk-holes. Munition workers are spoiled darlings, and so on.

"Now this piece of metal means nothing to you. It represents something very secret."

I guessed it. The Ministry of Supply had already told me that factory was doing very hush-hush work, and had asked me not to describe anything I saw.

"This was a lump of hard steel weighing 46 lb. that was put into the hands of an engineer. He has reduced it, as you will see, to something weighing about 6 lb.

"And he has done all that by hand.

"But just see what he has done. See how he has hollowed it out here. Notice these inner curves. Take the thing in your hand.

All-Important Work

"I think you will agree that he would be a very clever person who could make such a thing of plaster.

"The engineer has made it of hardest steel. By hand. And it is accurate to the thickness of a shadow at every point.

"But I will go to a point beyond that. "That engineer has given me something that will enable another engineer so to set certain machines that they will enable other men to make these things just as exact in big quantities.

"These 'other men'—they may quite well be women—will be semi-skilled workers. They are people we can find and teach to do this all-important war work.

"The engineer—you saw some of them on their cycles—can do this. No other men can."

He took me into the factory. He invited one of the foremen to tell me about Mr. Smith.

A great loss to the factory, said the foreman. Mr. Smith's father and grandfather before him had worked at the place. Their work was—well, such brilliance in politics would make a Prime Minister of a man.

Mr. Smith had retired a few weeks before on reaching the age of sixty—and for the first time in history there wasn't a Smith to follow on.

"That's what the great depression did for us," said the Superintendent, dismally. "The Smiths looked at engineering and decided that it was no longer a career for a boy.

"And here we find ourselves in war time without a Smith."

I was told about the Tonks family—that is the actual name. The factory has always had a Tonks approaching retirement, a Tonks at the fulness of his career, and a Tonks "coming along"—in other words, approaching school-leaving age.

The factory still has a Tonks. The Superintendent thanks his stars for that.

I was told other names that had been on the wage-list for generations.

"You get the same thing in village life," I said.

"No, it isn't the same," said the Superintendent. "This isn't an accident. It isn't conservatism. It is a family discipline. The might of British engineering is built up on these engineering families, on these people whom we are sure to get—and sure of when we get them.

"When engineering is in the blood, it is stronger in the blood than anything—politics included.

"Why, I am asked sometimes whether I have got Communists in the factory. I have. They've got nothing to fear from me. Their politics are their business—not mine.

"They do not go about blowing up boilers. I am sorry to destroy any popular illusions. They are engineers, with engineering in their blood, and they couldn't help do a good job of work."

Refuse to Hear Sirens

We looked round. I must not describe what I saw—although no secrets were betrayed to me.

I was given the answer to the accusation that munition factories are funk-holes.

The workers just refused to hear the sirens when they went. So a "Danger Imminent" signal was prescribed.

"Danger Imminent" means that you have a fair chance of hearing a bomb scream down round your ears.

Almost without exception, the workers "stay put"—against the advice of the establishment.

But there are no sneers or reproaches at the expense of the one or two who don't.

I saw black patches on the various roofs.

When an air raid is in progress, workers swarm over those roofs like cats—dabbing these black squares wherever a hole has been made by splinter or shell-fuse.

Before a German airman can turn to investigate a sudden escape of light, it has closed again.

No, munition factories are not funk-holes.

I stood in the street again, watching the black swarm leaving on rattle-trap machines.

Before, I had seen them just as a crowd.

Now I knew something about that crowd.

In the days of the darkest depression many had pawned their tools to live. Their tools gone, everything had gone.

Many of them had sold their homes—down to the last blanket.

Couldn't Believe It

I happen to know that that Superintendent visited the depressed areas, striving to keep up their spirits.

He went there again when the cloud began to lift. He had jobs to offer them. They just couldn't believe him.

Fate had treated them so shabbily. They couldn't believe in Fate now.

He had hundreds of jobs to offer. But he couldn't fill them.

"They don't want work," sneered many people who had never tasted adversity. "They just want to be kept for nothing. Give them a shilling to put on the dogs, and they'll be satisfied."

The same people grumble to-day because engineers work until they drop—and earn good money in consequence.

The men I saw are for the most part expert fitters, turners, millers, and so on—the kind of men who won the reputation of strength and durability for British engineering jobs.

We nearly lost them.

To have lost them would have meant losing the capacity to rearm Britain after Dunkirk, to catch up with Hitler's years and years of secret rearmament. It might have meant losing the war.

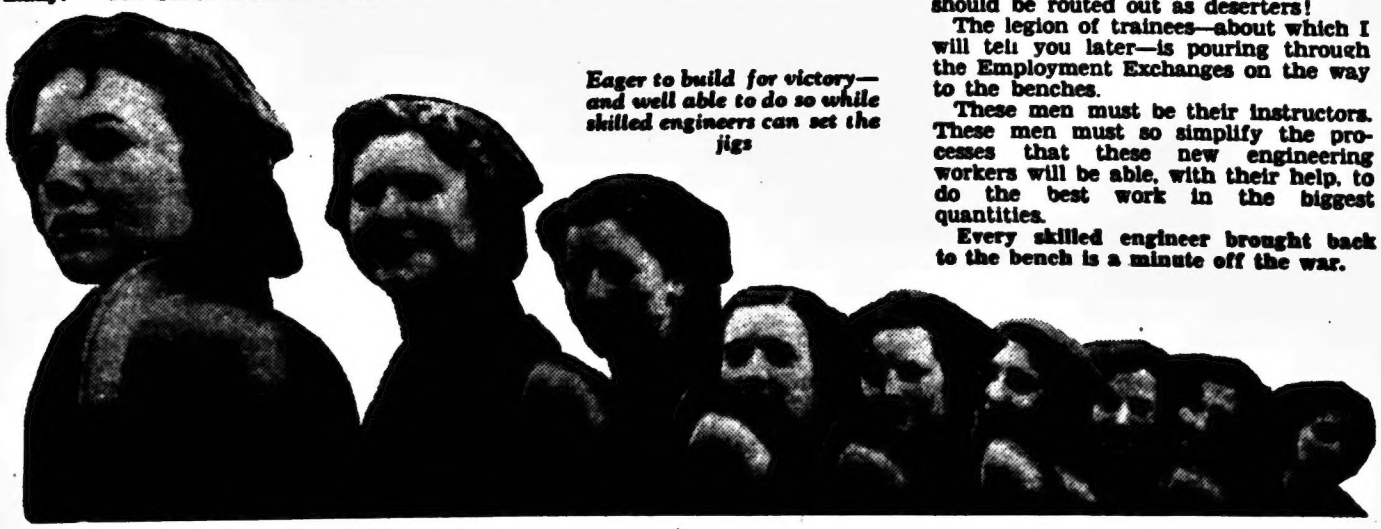
We have lost some. Bevin is after them.

The Army is hiding some. They should be routed out as deserters!

The legion of trainees—about which I will tell you later—is pouring through the Employment Exchanges on the way to the benches.

These men must be their instructors. These men must so simplify the processes that these new engineering workers will be able, with their help, to do the best work in the biggest quantities.

Every skilled engineer brought back to the bench is a minute off the war.



Eager to build for victory—and well able to do so while skilled engineers can set the jigs

FIRE-WATCH MUDDLE

WHAT does Mr. Herbert Morrison want of the fire-watchers who so readily responded when he called for volunteers?

Unless the situation is taken in hand at once the system of fire-watching will become one of the biggest muddles of the war.

There is grave danger that the scheme will be wrecked because the volunteers feel that an attempt is being made to trick them.

When, more than two months ago, the Minister for Home Security appealed for volunteers there was a magnificent response.

They were told that stirrup pumps and steel helmets would be issued and that A.R.P. rates of compensation would be paid if they were hurt.

Local wardens organised parties, rotas were planned and put into operation.

Everything was going splendidly, except that few of the promised steel helmets and stirrup pumps arrived.

Bought Own Equipment

Still, so keen was everyone that in many districts volunteers under the scheme subscribed money to buy their own equipment.

Then, almost furtively, it was announced through area A.R.P. officers that before pumps and helmets were issued, volunteers must sign a new form undertaking to do forty-eight hours duty a month, if necessary away from their own homes.

There was also an ultimatum to the effect that those who did not sign the new form would not be officially recognised and, if injured, would receive only the ordinary rate of compensation paid to civilians.

From that moment the fire-watchers who had so eagerly volunteered a few weeks ago were in revolt.

In town after town and street after street they refused point-blank to sign the new enrolment forms.

Gradually officials at the Ministry of Home Security began to sit up and take notice.

The attempt to stampede the volunteers into signing the new enrolment form had failed.

Doesn't Make Sense

Now it has been announced, in anything but a straightforward way, that volunteers who are willing to do forty-eight hours fire-watching duty a month in "the neighbourhood of their homes" will be eligible for equipment and for compensation at A.R.P. rates.

This new ruling does not make sense because in most areas duty of twelve hours a month is adequate.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that fire-watchers are suspicious of bad faith on the part of someone in the Ministry of Home Security.

The hostility to the new plan was so strong and widespread that a niggling compromise has been made which, without a clear official statement, has not cleared the air.

Clearly, someone has blundered and it will need common-sense and statesmanship to save the fire-watching scheme from being completely wrecked.

Even now there is halting delay.

The London Regional Commissioners have issued an instruction that those volunteers who sign on for forty-eight hours duty a month in the "neighbourhood of their homes" are eligible for equipment.

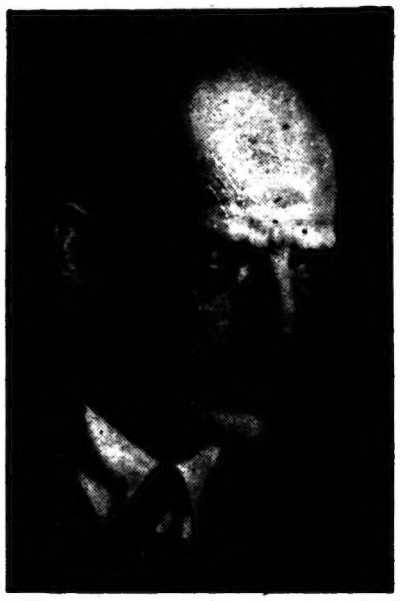
Provinces Neglected

Yet no similar instruction was issued for provincial areas although such instructions are stated to be likely.

Even now the promised steel helmets and stirrup pumps are not yet available for fire-watchers in many thickly-populated districts.

Did some genius at the Ministry of Home Security expect fire-watchers to sign the new form when bribed with the offer of helmets, stirrup-pumps and compensation at A.R.P. rates?

Mr. Herbert Morrison must clear up the present unsatisfactory and confused position by issuing a straightforward official statement.



"It's time something generous was done for small shopkeepers"

SHARE THE SWEETS

MANY small shopkeepers who depend for their livelihood upon the sale of confectionery, chocolate and ices, had their worst Easter for years. It was even worse than the bitter experiences many of them went through at Christmas, when customers pestered them for sweets they couldn't get for love or money.

To little children who have asked them during the last week or two for "An Easter egg, please, about sixpence," and to working men and women who wanted small supplies of chocolates or toffees, they had to say "No. Sorry, I have none in stock."

Months ago I pointed out that the plight of thousands of such shopkeepers who had invested their life savings in their small sweet businesses was very great. To-day, many more are facing ruin; many have gone out of business altogether. There is a growing number of empty shops everywhere.

* * *

Yet Woolworths, Marks and Spencers, other big multiple shops and cinemas always seem to have endless stocks of chocolates and sweets. And at the expense of the "little man," who cannot get the necessary ingredients to make them, ices are still plentiful in these larger establishments and in hotels.

When war broke out an equal distribution of 75 per cent. of pre-war supplies was promised. This fell quickly to 50 per cent.

Then the Food Ministry told manufacturers that they must send N.A.A.F.I. centres and industrial canteens all that they asked for, irrespective of the needs of the small shopkeepers.

At a recent council meeting in a big North Country town, one speaker condemned the existing method of distribution, and held up 36 bars of chocolate which had been purchased at a local N.A.A.F.I. canteen.

"Probably you have not seen a bar of chocolate for months," he said to his fellow councillors. "Well, you can all have one with my compliments . . . they were obtained for me at the canteen for six shillings!"

* * *

Inquiries made into confectionery profiteering last Christmas reveal that in one case blocks of chocolate, obtained in boxes of a hundred, were sold by a wholesaler to retailers at 2s. 4d. and 2s. 8d. each, whereas the real trade (retail) price was only 1s. 6d.

The Food Ministry has now suggested a plan under which the trade itself should introduce price control through a committee set up to "ensure a more even distribution of their products." Meantime, after "priority" distribution, the Ministry adds that it will "leave as large a proportion as possible for sale through ordinary channels."

This obviously does not go far enough.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Cunning Air Raid Crooks

THERE is nothing more despicable than robbing people who want protection from enemy air attack.

Everyone should learn the lesson to be found in the exploits of Austin Gordon Lovell Pennock, who has just gone to prison for eighteen months for obtaining money fraudulently from women for beds in an "invulnerable" shelter that was non-existent.

Posing as Secretary of the "Acton Deep Shelter Association," and representing that one backer had put up £5,000 to finance the scheme, Pennock obtained building materials, loans and membership subscriptions from a large number of dupes who, had the smallest enquiry been made, would have found that he was an adventurer with five previous convictions.

* * *

There are many "war" rogues at large to-day, and here are some of the tricks they are playing on the public:—

Call from house to house in constantly raided towns telling people they have come from the Local Authority and require deposits of 2s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. towards cost of cement and sand to be later supplied;

Offer stirrup pumps and other fire-fighting apparatus at bargain rates but insist on cash with order;

Pretend to represent manufacturing firms making steel helmets and other appliances and obtain orders and money;

Call as representatives of non-existent legal aid societies which, if a membership fee is paid there and then, take up war damage claims and advise on the question of air-raid victims' and Service-men's estates; and others who pose as agents of dubious "Clubs" which pay out compensation for injuries or disablement in air raids.

* * *

Scotland Yard and the provincial police are also receiving hundreds of complaints about thieves who systematically visit big public shelters and rob visitors while they are asleep. Many workmen have lost their salary packets in this way, and police officers in disguise are now trying to track them down.

Be always on your guard against crooks of this mean type.

IGNORE THEIR APPEALS

IF you receive an appeal for funds from one of several obscure "missions" or pseudo-religious movements whose headquarters are frequently found in dilapidated buildings in Welsh towns, think twice before you send along any money.

For I hear that there are now several bogus organisations being run by clerical impostors whose chief aim is to provide themselves with a good and easy living.

By getting poor and simple-minded people to attend meetings held often in cheaply rented halls, where they pose as faith-healers, seers or evangelists, they trade on the emotions of their worshippers, who think they possess some Divine gifts.

One man has been running concerns of this type for many years and has never shown any willingness to publish balance-sheets.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. H. Hudson, Victoria Lane, Coundon, Co. Durham, has been awarded this week's Guinea. Information he sent me about a subject with which I am constantly dealing has proved of much interest.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Fourteen Days of Hell!

Rowing through an Atlantic gale, despite exhaustion and maddening thirst, 30 Britons fought a battle for life—and win a place in the series "Drake's Brood is Ready!"

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

PLOUGHING into the smashing seas of an Atlantic gale, a convoy fights its way through the night.

A misty spume makes visibility almost impossible. The black shapes of the steamers can be detected only by pinpoints of dimmed lights.

Suddenly, rising above the screeching of the icy wind, there is a dreadful explosion, and a column of flame leaps skyward from the side of one of the ships.

Torpedoed!

The convoy goes steadily on, according to orders, but an escort ship swings away on the unseen submarine's trail.

Meanwhile, the stricken cargo-boat wallows over on her side.

She no longer lifts to the anvil-blows of the waves, and every man aboard knows that within minutes she will take her last plunge.

They are getting away the boats.

It is playing with death to lower away such cockleshells in such a sea; yet if they fail to get away, death is certain for every man aboard.

With a great rending crackle, a wave comes up beneath a lifeboat, unhooks the forward fall, and leaves a splintered mess of ragged matchwood.

Another boat, skilfully lowered between two of the sea's attacks, is fended off and sent into the blackness of the night.

Captain Kippins, in No. 2 boat, sees his crew away, and then, judging his time with veteran coolness, gives the orders:—

"Lower away aft—lower away together—hold her off, now. . . ."

The sea, like some conscious monster cheated in its effort to smash the boat in mid-air, tries to crack it against the sinking ship's side.

But the men are always half a thought before the waves.

Bobbing, rocking, with water curling heavily into her, the boat creeps away. Before its company has gone twenty yards, there is a huge clucking gurgle behind them, like a giant choking—and their ship has slid down into the icy depths of the underseas.

Far away, the sky is lighted by a sudden spouting explosion—then another.

The escort ship is paying their debt for them, and they growl out half a cheer.

Thomas Kippins weighs his boat's chances. He has twenty-six men aboard—an overload, because of the smashed boat.

Rescue a Remote Chance

Bale as they may, it seems that the swirling water in which their feet rest keeps on rising. There are no signs of rescue—nor any immediate hope of it.

A sudden, wild cry comes from the darkness to starboard.

A gull? No—a choking human voice.

Kippins gives an order, and the boat's head goes round, though it is accepting a further peril to take these enormous storm-waves broadside on.

"A-HOY!" yells Kippins.

His voice is torn away and lost. He shouts again—again. Others join the shout.

Again there comes a faint call—fainter than before, and now away to port. The waves have flung the swimmer as a child throws a ball.

The boat goes round. More yells. A nearer answer. Silence for several minutes. Then a far-distant echo of a voice, despairing, water-logged.

Again round. Only to hear another, stronger voice, on the other side. More yells

Climbing aboard a British destroyer, these fifteen survivors from a torpedoed ship had spent six days in their open boat without food and water. Far worse was the plight of Captain Kippins and his men

And so the dogged search goes on, though Kippins cannot see his own hand before his face in the stormy blackness.

Just in Time!

At last, a shout from just beside the thwarts. A seaman lunges overboard. Someone catches his legs just in time to save him vanishing.

"Got 'im!" he shouts.

They drag in a sodden, helpless form. Half the Atlantic seems to follow him into the boat.

"Bale—bale hard!" Kippins orders, stooping to give artificial respiration.

They go after the second voice. For some time they fear that the ocean has claimed its own.

Then there is a great splash behind them; they go round, and haul a second half-drowned man aboard.

As he collapses, the wind and sea seem to run at them like living giants.

With a stupendous cracking and screeching, the squall passes.

Their boat is down to the gunwales with the water in her; the mast and sails are gone overboard; the sea-anchor is gone; several oars are gone.

A lightning roll-call in the darkness reveals that four men are gone, too.

One emerges at the port side, water pouring off him as if he were Neptune new come from the depths. He makes no effort to climb in—he sees that further weight would sink them.

Another dripping figure comes up behind him, whirls away, and reappears on the starboard side, which he grips.

They bale feverishly for life. Presently the two men clamber in.

A shout. They find another. Ten minutes—long as ten hours—and the fourth missing man is found and rescued.

All that night, these battered men had to work at the oars. The dawn showed an empty sea, heaving terrifically.

Their sea-anchor was gone. No matter how long before rescue, they could never rest except in dead calm. And the Atlantic is never calm.

Doggedly they bent to the remaining oars—twenty-nine men with a few bits of stick fighting an angry ocean.

The boat was overloaded when she left the ship. She had two extra men aboard and, during that morning, two more swimmers were picked up, in the last stages of exhaustion.

None but Drake's brood could have lived so long in such a sea.

All that day, they rowed. All day, the great gale raged, huge waves marched to the horizon and back again, water poured into the boat, and even meagre rations were only taken dangerously and with difficulty in snatched moments.

In the afternoon they saw a ship several miles to port. It came nearer—then stood away—went out of sight.

"Keep it up, my lads—we'll be picked up in time," Kippins encouraged them.

The wind dropped a little towards evening, and they rigged up a boat-hook as a jurymast, lashing it into place with their belts. On it they rigged a makeshift sail, cut from the boat cover.

That eased their work and increased their speed.

Just before dark they saw another ship, a 10,000-ton vessel, standing across their course. They made signals, and bent to the oars till their heavy boat went foaming through the water.

The ship gave no sign. Darkness came down as it seemed with cruel speed. Soon, the ship was blotted out.

Somehow, they struggled through another night.

Nearly Capsized

In the small hours, the wind rose, howling violently across endless miles of tossing water. They had to lower their precious sail, or they would have capsized.

Twice the boat all but overturned. But they righted her each time.

Dreadfully, they felt the loss of those oars; the men pulling the few that were left had to face a task that would have strained Hercules.

Captain Kippins took his turns with the rest. He kept heart in them, steadied them, massaged some who were suffering from "trench feet."

Two days passed—three days—a week.

Think of rowing for a week! Think of facing an unabating Atlantic gale for a week—even in your cabin on a great liner.

I have seen passengers, after a few days of bad weather, look like corpses risen from the grave.

These men were in a dangerously overcrowded cockleshell, right down among the waves, fighting for their lives day and night, with no rest, no sanitation, soaking clothes, and on a ration of a pannikin of saltish water and a few wet biscuits each per day.

Illness Takes Toll

Exhaustion, cold and weakness began to take toll of them. First one man collapsed, then another.

Four times more they saw passing ships. Each time, a great, sickening hope sent the blood reeking to their aching heads.

Each time, it was followed by numbing despair as the ship passed unseeing and stood away for the far horizon.

In those dreadful days and storm-tossed nights, the skipper was more than human.

His courage never wavered. His fine seamanship met every new peril. His positive confidence alone stood between thirty men—and death.

On the twelfth day, their water was exhausted. Despite rations such as only moistened their salt-cracked lips, the last drops were used.

They stared at each other's gaunt faces. Round them, the lonely sea ran mountains high. Icy winds whined through their sodden, rotting clothes.

"Keep it up, my lads," croaked Kippins. "We'll be picked up, if only you'll stick it out."

The oars, which had stopped their monotonous beat, began to creak anew.

They were crawling slowly eastward towards Ireland. But oh! so slowly!

On the fourteenth day, while some lay helpless and comatose, and others still pulled feebly on the oars, they saw another ship.

Or was it delirium . . .?

Faster! Faster!

She seemed to be steaming at an incredible speed. Unless they could go faster, they would miss her, too. Faster. FASTER!

With dreadful determination, the oars increased their rhythm. Swish-plop; swish-plop. . . .

Faster! Faster!

The ship made a signal, but they could not believe it. Physically, they could not stop pulling now. Faster—faster. The idea obsessed every brain.

The ship was lowering away a boat. Or was it just another dream? The boat was bobbing across the waves towards them.

"A-hoy! boat ahoy!"

Kippins could not answer. "Keep it up, lads," he whispered. "It's all right now."

The trim boat with the smart crew came alongside the foul one packed with exhausted scarecrows.

"Done Old Nasty—in the eye—again!" gasped one of the scarecrows, as he collapsed.

Captain Kippins won the O.B.E. He and his men got back to port. They drank, ate, were clothed. Then—they signed on again.

TOO SOFT with VICHY?

A. G. GARDINER

faces squarely the menace of Hitler's intrigues to bring France into the war against us. Are we too soft in dealing with the men at Vichy who are playing the Nazi game? He shows the only way the plot can be defeated

"WHITHER is Darlan going?" asks the voice of "Free France." It is a question which we must ask, too, and to which we must have an answer.

If we wait upon events to shape that answer, we do so at the peril of being too late to act decisively.

For do not let us deceive ourselves. The whole fate of the war may turn upon what is going on behind the scenes across the Channel.

Let us look at the naked facts of the situation. When France collapsed last June, Hitler, as his photographer has recorded for all time, danced a *pas seul* in the presence of his satellites, and announced that "the war in the West is over."

Nothing remained but to *blitz* Britain into surrender, take control of the Atlantic, and mop up the world east and west at his leisure.

Things did not turn out that way. They turned out quite otherwise. We did not collapse before the French shock. Instead, we found our soul.

From the Battle of Britain onwards Hitler's stampede to universal victory was checked. Events in the air, on sea and on land, in Abyssinia, in Greece, in Yugoslavia, in the Mediterranean and in America made havoc of his plots and his plans.

Conquest by terror has failed, and a long war looms ahead. A war of exhaustion. An incalculable war. A war in which sea power and the command of material resources will be decisive.

And in this war Hitler's chief hope now is centred in France. That country has a seaboard that gives him free access to the Atlantic.

It has a great industrial population. It has vast wheatlands.

Above all, it has what he most urgently needs, a formidable Navy.

Now that the Italian navy is largely crippled or sunk, it is the most considerable sea power in Europe next to our own.

IF IT COULD BE USED AGAINST US IT WOULD GRAVELY COMPLICATE OUR NAVAL PROBLEM, NOT ONLY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, BUT IN THE ATLANTIC.

And all Hitler's cunning is being exercised to bring this about. *His aim is to involve France actively in the war against us.*

He has, of course, already involved her passively. He has the use of her Channel ports. He has plundered her of everything that his war machine needs. Her factories and all her industrial resources are at his service.

Through her he has learned the secrets that we revealed to France when she was our ally. Hence much of the success of his U-boats in the Atlantic.

But he must have more if he is to have a dog's chance of winning a long war. He must embroil her in his war with us. He must have her Navy.

His plot is simple. His ability to bring it off is increased by the fact that the nominal Government of France is in the hands of the traitors who betrayed her.

Pétain, it is true, is an honourable man. He has a soldier's standard of decency. "It is a matter of honour for us to do nothing against our former ally," he says.

But Pétain is old and now negligible.

He lost control of the situation when, having put Laval, the French quisling, under arrest, he released him at the dictation of Hitler.

And while Pétain broadcasts in one voice, his envoy in Paris, De Brinon, proclaims that Britain must be "driven from the Continent."

Which is the voice that matters?

LAVAL is now, under Hitler, the practical dictator of France, with Admiral Darlan as the chief of Pétain's Government. And Darlan, though personally a more reputable man than Laval, is hardly less hostile to Britain.

HITLER'S OBJECT IS TO BREAK THE BLOCKADE THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF FRANCE AND THE FRENCH FLEET.

And Darlan shows an increasing disposition to play his game.

See how the trick is being worked. Hitler has been plundering France now for nine months. He has done this for two reasons—

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ARGUE IT OUT

Back to Victoria?—No!

By PALLAS

I DON'T care a rap whether the theatres open on Sundays or not.

To be frank, the theatre bores me, always has done. If I had a fiver for every stall I have refused to occupy, free, my bank manager would regard me as a man of substance instead of a "doubtful account."

But if Sunday theatres would bring pleasure and happiness and entertainment to the toiling masses and if people want such shows, why, fling the theatres open.

If, on the other hand, Sunday theatres would weaken the moral fibre of the nation—which I don't believe for a second—they should stay closed.

If the theatre on Sunday is an evil thing, it cannot be harmless and innocent on weekdays.

* * *

On this subject there has been the usual controversy, the usual argument and the usual flow of stupidities. M.P.s on a free vote in the House of Commons have by a small majority thrown out the Sunday Entertainments Bill.

Before they voted, Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, and one of the doughtiest champions the Church has in safeguarding its rights and privileges—especially that of meddling with the private lives of the people—declared that the Sunday opening of theatres would lead to a pagan England.

He went on: "The prosperity, moral dignity and religious strength of Victorian England will be no more."

* * *

Ernest William Barnes, now the Right Reverend Bishop of Birmingham, was born in 1874.

His family gave him a start in life denied in those days to all but the privileged few—a first-class education, including some years at Trinity College, Cambridge.

In the year 1874, midway through the reign of Victoria, England, by virtue of the Industrial Revolution, was the most prosperous nation in the world.

But the prosperity was that of the few.

Behind the imposing façade of busy factories, mills and heavy industries was the savage exploitation of workers, who were treated with less regard than the machines they tended and who were housed like cattle.

The prosperous middle-classes, the ironmasters, the cotton manufacturers, the woollen merchants built up for themselves the prosperity of Victorian England and defended bitterly any attempt to make them disgorge some of their profits.

The "moral dignity" was the dignity of the mansions in which the industrialists and their families led sheltered lives away from the slums that surrounded their works and factories.

The "religious strength" was the power of the Church to stifle the voice of the worker; and to ally itself to the moneyed and landed classes.

By 1874 the Victorian era had spread a blight over the homes of England.

Boys of ten and twelve were working eighty-four hours a week on blast furnace plants; in the cotton mills half-timers, mostly girls, were wasting their little lives attending the ever-hungry looms.

* * *

The workers were neglected so far as their health was concerned; the State was uncaring.

Owing to the rapid growth of towns, and the exodus of the people from country homes to manufacturing centres, there were overcrowding, congestion, and insanitary conditions.

Slums blossomed like an evil flower.

There was no insurance for workers. On the contrary, they toiled in the profit-making factories—and had no safeguards.

Not until 1890 did the State approve a Housing of the Working Classes Act, which gave power to local authorities to acquire land for housing by compulsory purchase.

Not until 1880—six years after Ernest William Barnes was born—did Britain make elementary education compulsory, and then that compulsion operated between the ages of five and ten.

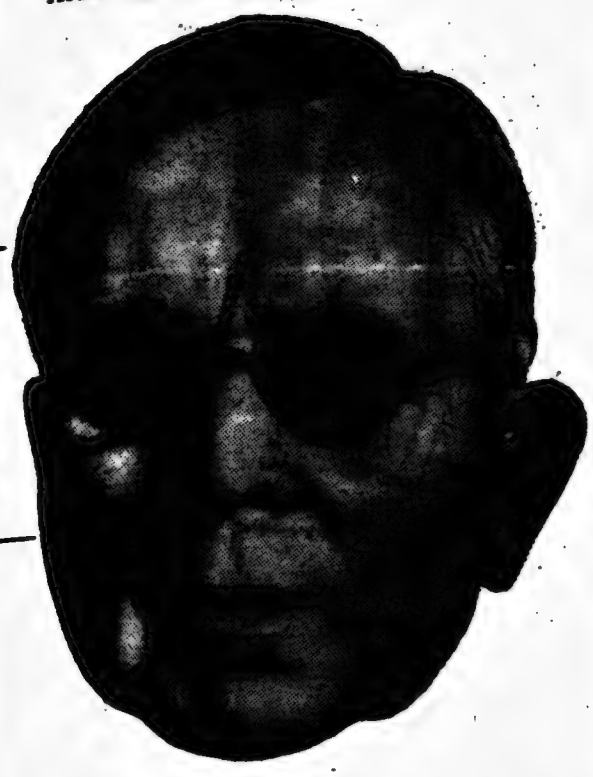
* * *

Two years before the Bishop-to-be was born England had recognised the secret ballot.

But for years the pioneers of trade unionism had worked to establish their right to place the worker on a proper plane in society.

I don't know how the prosperity, moral dignity and religious strength of Victorian England aided the working man in his fight for better conditions of life and labour.

All I know is, that if Dr. Barnes wants to preserve the alleged virtues of that era, he will have to storm the bastions of democratic life and liberty—those things we won by strife and martyrdom seventy or eighty years ago!



first, to enrich Germany; second, to impoverish France.

His purpose in impoverishing France is to create an outcry there against the blockade.

Britain and the United States very generously agreed to supply certain essentials to France on condition that the distribution should be under American control, and that no equivalent supply should be sent from France to Germany. To this the Vichy Government agreed.

But this did not suit Hitler's book. He did not want the French people fed: he wanted the French to break the blockade.

So he set his Paris radio fulminating against the scheme as an insult to France.

He demanded that the United States should release the French funds there, and that Darlan should bring food across the Atlantic in his own ships.

And Darlan obediently played up. He declared that Germany had been "more generous" than Britain, and threatened that if we continued the blockade of French ports he would convoy his merchantmen.

BUT at this point Hitler gave Darlan away. He disclosed through the Paris Press that Germany's "generosity" was part of a barter agreement under which Vichy France had to send to German France cattle, sheep, pigs, oil, vegetables and wine in huge quantities.

The purpose of this revelation is obvious. It was designed to stop the relief from America, to compel Darlan to use his Navy to break the blockade, and so to plunge France into open war with Britain.

What should we do to combat this foul conspiracy? Two things. The first is to back the "Free France" crusade with all the resources at our command. It is growing daily and hourly in power.

THE SOUL OF FRANCE IS NOT DEAD. IT IS ONLY STUPEFIED, AND IT IS AWAKENING FROM ITS STUPEFACTION. THE OVERWHELMING MASS OF THE PEOPLE ARE WITH US.

They are praying for our victory, for only through our victory can they win back their freedom.

They know that they are doomed to slavery if Hitler triumphs. They are to him "the eternal enemy" and he has sworn in "Mein Kampf" to annihilate them for ever.

He has not started to massacre and persecute them as he is massacring and persecuting the Poles. Not yet.

He has not done so because he wants to use them against us. He wants their help. Above all, he wants their fleet.

But if he wins, his fiendish hate will return upon them. They will be a nation of serfs under the cruel heel of his Gestapo. They will be as the Poles are to-day.

I refuse to believe that a great nation of 40 million will accept so hideous a fate.

I refuse to believe that the people who sang the world free in the *Marseillaise* can be held down in bondage by the barbarians.

I refuse to believe that at the bidding of the traitorous Laval they will submit to slavery and turn their guns upon those who are fighting to set them free.

Let us put our trust in the resurrection of the People of France. It will come, must come, is coming. We can hasten it by throwing all our available moral and material resources into the "Free France" crusade.

The second thing is to stand firm and unyielding against the intrigues of Hitler and his French quislings. *The blockade must not be weakened. It must be tightened.*

We know from Dr. Dalton how it is being abused—how through Marseilles war material is being smuggled into Germany and Italy.

Our right of search must be resolutely practised. Whatever is let through must be let through on conditions that make it impossible that it will help the enemy.

If Darlan takes his orders from Hitler, then his challenge must be inflexibly met.

We shall not quarrel with France. But we must not hesitate to deal sternly with those who have seized power in order to betray France.

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

WHY DO PEOPLE STILL CITE THE LAST WAR?

● "All sorts of folk are still harking back to the last war when trying to ram home an argument about the present conflict," I am told. "Yet the last war was nearly a quarter of a century ago."

That may be. But as I see it, the problems of the present war are exactly the same as the problems of the last one.

The blockade of Germany is all-important, as it was last time.

Once again there is a battle of the Atlantic, fought by the Nazis to cut off our food and arms.

And once again there is the war on the Home Front—man-power, arms-production and farming.

The new factor—huge squadrons of aeroplanes—is new only in the sense that the numbers engaged are larger.

Air warfare has proved, this time, to our advantage, for our airmen and our planes are superior, while the German threat that their dive-bombers could defeat our battleships has been proved a stupid boast.

Then there is the same old question of sea-power. That remains what it has been for centuries.

DOES OFFICIALDOM WASTE MOST?

● Yes. We hear, almost nightly, squeals on the air imploring us to do this and that, to save one thing, and then another, and then a third, when all the time Whitehall is the worst waster.

No individual in the country is so profligate in spending as is the Government.

The war is now costing us nearly £14,000,000 a day. I should not be surprised if a third of this was wasted.

Waste goes on, in big matters and in small ones.

One Government department, wishing to tell a John Bull reader it could not adopt one of his ideas, sent him two postcards *and* a letter!

Cases of this kind could be quoted by the hundred.

As for local councils, one instance must do for thousands—the sending out of four large pages of printed matter to all the householders in one town urging them to subscribe all they could in a local National War Savings Week, when a postcard could have said it all.

ARE WE BRITONS TOO MODEST?

● You would scarcely believe it, but it was not until six months after it happened that the Ministry of Information issued a booklet on the Battle of Britain. Even then it printed only 50,000 copies, whereas seven times that number was immediately demanded.

Then when John Masefield wrote, months late, the epic story of Dunkirk, spelling it the French way instead of the "Dunkirk" we now know, several chapters of his book were censored.

No photographs, I am assured, were taken of Admiral Cunningham's great victory in the Mediterranean, not even of the hundreds of Italian sailors floating about on the rafts on which we had to leave them because of the German bombers.

Certainly the battle took place in the darkness; but the attempt at rescue went on in daylight, the next morning.

"The Battle of Britain" is a modest dull-looking affair, just one more official handbook, altogether unworthy of the epic story it had to tell.

Any publicity manager who produced such a drab effort would be sacked for incompetence.

There are obviously in the Ministry of Information most efficient officials who stop things being done. The people who believe in publicity are ineffective.

Duff Cooper has failed, like all the rest.

SHOULD GAS-MASKS BE COMPULSORY?

● When I look out of my window and see that at least half the people are not carrying gas-masks, I remember, every time, that I have not got one myself.

I have always argued in my own mind that because it was said, quite wrongly apparently, that in Germany only Nazi officials have gas-masks, whereas, in this country, the whole population have been supplied with them—except me—gas would not be used by Germany except, months hence, as the very last resource.

Yet we are warned continually that we should always carry them. So I must apply for one immediately.

But, knowing myself, I realise that, even then, I shall usually leave it at home—unless I am compelled to carry it.

CAN THE NEW BRITAIN HAVE BEAUTY?

● Lord Reith, despite the fact that he has called in brilliant architects to advise him, will have the greatest difficulty in forcing on the Government schemes of planning which pay enough regard to the æsthetic sense.

The architecture of To-morrow needs, for its highest expression, compulsory ownership of land. With which I cannot see any Tory-bossed Government agreeing.

Beauty needs expanse. Private ownership means crowding.

Then there will come from housewives demands for modern kitchens and the use of labour-saving ideas rather than the outward appearance of the nation's new homes.

Most people are utterly indifferent to beauty—unless it is an old master of which they know the price.

The Britain of To-morrow needs a dictator, and the right one. And we do not believe in dictators.

He must be a man who, ignoring the passing fashion of architecture, can see into the future, and build for the generations to come. The mass of people prefer to have their passing fancies indulged.

What is a fashion to-day looks ugly to-morrow. Artists of genius—Michael Angelo, Turner and Whistler among them—have invariably been snubbed during their lifetime.

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE
DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MUMMY SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH.
MY BREATH? WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...
RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
3 MONTHS LATER-THANKS TO COLGATES
AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull teeth and much tooth decay. Also, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent makes teeth sparkle!"

VARNENE protects and beautifies floors

A lovely finish is easily obtained with Varnene Oil Varnish Stain. Gives such a hard-wearing high gloss.

Get a tin to-day. Your Dealer sells it.

VARNENE THE INNER OIL VARNISH STAIN

V.67

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS

A Typical IRVONA Figure

Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was nervous and weak. I tried dieting, exercises and patent foods, but without success. After repeated failures I tried Irvona, and the result was astounding. In a month I put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/5 for one week's supply; 3/4½ for 3 weeks; 5/11 for 6 weeks (including Purchase Tax), or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:—

IRVONA (Dept. 162), 1 GREEK STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.* Distributors: *The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

FOOD FACTS

Number 36

POTATO PETE says,
"Now is the time to plant your herbs; sage folk know they'll be worth a mint of money . . ."

HERBS are good to eat, easy to grow. Year-round they'll put taste into your stews, soups, salads, savouries and sauces if you use them fresh or dried, according to season. Now is the time to plant them—in any sunny patch of earth or window-box. Some will even flourish in pots on an inside window sill (so long as it catches the sun) and pretty they'll look. All they ask of you is light, air and watering.

PARSLEY is perhaps the most important as it is rich in iron and in Vitamins A and C—a home-grown tonic in itself. But since it adds life to almost any dish—soup, salad, stew or savoury—to be self-supporting you need to grow quite a patch of it. Although it is an annual which you grow from seed, by sowing some now and more at the end of July, you can get an all-the-year-round crop.

MINT also needs to be planted fairly generously to be worth cultivating. But if you can find the space—or even devote one whole window-box to it—the sweetness of the home-picked mint will repay you.

CHIVES chopped up in salads, soups or sandwiches taste just like spring onions. You use the tops instead of the tails so they go further than root onions.

CHIVES

THYME—both the lemon-flavoured and black varieties—are easy to grow and take up very little space (a pot of each will see most homes through).

SAGE for stuffing—yes, even without the onion (or *with* your chives)—a good strong taste for those who can take it. These are only a few of the many herbs which you can grow, and which you can buy as plants or seed for a few pence each.

NATIONAL WHEATMEAL BREAD

1 It is *more nourishing* than white bread;

2 It *keeps better*, tastes fresher;

3 It is rich in Vitamin B_1;

4 Most people report that it is the *nicest* bread they have ever eaten;

5 It *costs no more* than ordinary white bread.

Ask your Baker for National Wheatmeal Bread—and if he hasn't got it, *ask him again!* Although it is extra trouble for your Baker, he has promised the Ministry to supply National Wheatmeal Bread *if you order it.* It's up to you!

AND NOW

Here are two dishes that are simply made by using mixed herbs (dried or fresh):—

GREEN POTATOES are a good way of using up any boiled or steamed potatoes. Mash them up with a *nut of margarine*, a *teacupful* of *hot milk or milk and water*, *salt and pepper* and *a pinch of sugar*. Beat well with a fork and work in two good tablespoonfuls of chopped *mixed herbs* (whatever kinds you have—dried or fresh).

Or try **Potato Soup** this way. Chop up a few *chives* (the green part, remember) and cook them in a small *nut of margarine* until tender. Then scrub and dice up *two large raw potatoes* and put them in with the chives. Add a *teacupful* of *milk* and a *pint of water* and simmer gently until the potatoes are tender. Season with *salt and pepper* and add a dessertspoonful of *flour-and-water paste* (to stop the potatoes from 'separating' and sticking to bottom of pan). Then throw in a teaspoonful of chopped mixed herbs for each plateful to be served.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

"John Bull's" Ten-Minute Story

HOLE IN POND

By WILL SCOTT

"So," Mr. Love concluded, "I walk through the rain and smile and tell everybody it's a fine morning. That is my work in this world—to smile and get everybody smiling with me."

"Listen, brother," said the man on the gate fiercely. "If you think you can make me smile like a damned idiot you're backing a loser. My smiling days are over. Mind your own business."

THE pond was deep and foul-looking; a black pond. The gate in front of it was covered with moss. And, for all the new paint on the inn which stood just beyond, the scene was a depressing one.

Dark clouds hovered.

There would be rain at any moment.

The man who sat on the gate, looking at nothing, was probably the saddest-looking man in all the wide world. He sighed and shook his head, though for nobody's benefit, since there was nobody to see.

Across his shoulder, now and again, he cast glances at the black pond.

So empty did the universe seem (except of clouds and unpleasant little winds) that the man on the gate gave a great jump when he realised there was somebody else in the world with him—and addressing him into the bargain.

"A glorious day!" said a voice.

The new man was about fifty, very red in the face, very plump and smiling, and he answered (though he did not boast about it) to the name of Love.

The man on the gate stared in amazement.

"A *what* day?" he said.

"A glorious day."

"It's going to pour down like fury."

"But how good for the plants!"

The man on the gate peered narrowly at Mr. Love and wondered what the devil the fellow found to grin at.

"It's a lousy day!" he growled.

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed Mr. Love, smiling more broadly than ever. "What a queer way to look at things!"

"It's a lousy place!" added the man on the gate.

"Nature!" announced Mr. Love happily, waving his arm to include every tree within ten miles. "The world," he went on, "is what we make it."

"Glad to hear it's partly my fault!" sneered the man on the gate. "If you ask *me*, it's a lousy world."

"You really *mean* that?"

"If you want to know," said the man on the gate, "though what business it is of yours I couldn't say, two minutes before you came grinning here I was seriously considering going into that pond."

Mr. Love went to the gate and looked over at the depressing pond. He still smiled, though.

"Going in?"

"Going in."

"You don't mean——?"

"I do!"

Mr. Love suddenly put back his head and let out a great laugh.

"Well, God bless my soul!" he cried.

"Where's the joke?" demanded the man on the gate.

"I thought," said Mr. Love, "I *thought* you didn't appear to be smiling."

"*Smiling?*" sighed the man on the gate. "I haven't smiled for years. What is there to smile about?"

"You haven't for years enjoyed the tonic effect of hearty laughter?"

"What is there to laugh about?"

"Not much," admitted Mr. Love, smiling more than ever.

"Well, then," said the man on the gate. "There you are."

"And there," said Mr. Love, "are you. What's the matter?" he asked presently.

"Everything," said the man on the gate. "You can't bear to think about it. The more *I* think about it the more I want to make a hole in that pond. How you can everlastingly smile— I tell you, I haven't smiled for years."

"Go on," said Mr. Love.

"Oh, I don't know," said the man on the gate. "The war. Business. The future. Everything. Everything in the damned world. It doesn't bear thinking about."

Evading Mr. Love's smiling face, he warmed a little to his subject.

"Politics. Look at politics! It makes you sick. This world has been spinning for millions of years, and for ten million years with what they call civilisation smeared all over it, and look where it's got!"

"You would change things?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"How?"

"There are ways and means. But they are always scotched. Nothing gets a fair chance."

"I see." Mr. Love, smiling away, nodded. "I, too, used to be an Ist."

"An Ist?" The man on the gate stared. Here, beyond doubt, was a grinning madman.

"Follower of an Ism," explained Mr. Love.

"Oh," said the man on the gate. "Oh, I see."

"But things seemed to get no better," said Mr. Love. "Then I found out what was wrong."

"Ah!" said the man on the gate. "So you *do* know what's wrong?"

"I do indeed," said Mr. Love.

"That's fine!" said the man on the gate with another sneer.

"LET me put it this way," Mr. Love proceeded. "We want a better world. We want a happier world. We want, if we can get it, a perfect world. You agree?"

"Go on," said the man on the gate.

"As I see it," Mr. Love went on, "you cannot have a perfect world without perfect men. Isms are no answer at all. Because the world—what we mean by the world—isn't this round thing we cling to. It's we who cling to it. *We are the world.* If we are happy it's a happy world. If we are gloomy it's a gloomy world."

"Oh," said the man on the gate.

"If we want a better world than we've got we must be prepared to be better men *first*. If we want a world of smiling men and women it's no good sitting down waiting for it to be served up on a dish before we'll promise to smile. We've got to smile—all of us—and then, *automatically*, our world of smiling men and women is here. You see?"

"I hear."

"So," said Mr. Love, with the widest smile he had yet achieved, "I set out to be an Influence."

"Influence?" said the man on the gate.

"If I go through life sighing and looking gloomy I shall have, in time, that kind of effect on everyone I meet. But if I smile, in time everybody will be smiling with me.

"Influence is one of the greatest forces in the universe. Look what sunshine does to you after the winter. Very well. Let us have human sunshine through the winter.

"Stop *praying* for a brighter world. *Make* it one!"

The man on the gate looked as if he wanted to hit something and hit it hard.

"So," Mr. Love concluded, "I walk through the rain and smile and tell everybody it's a fine morning. I read the news and smile and tell everybody it's a grand world to be alive in. That is my work in this world—to smile and get everybody smiling with me. And when everybody *does* there'll be nothing to sigh about any more. *We* are the world. We can *make* it a cheerful one."

He rubbed his hands and beamed.

"Come into the inn there with me and have a drink."

"The beer they sell you nowadays," said the man on the gate, "is lousy."

"Then——"

"Listen, brother," said the man on the gate fiercely. "If you think you can make me smile like a damned idiot you're backing a loser. My smiling days are over. Mind your own business."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"I'm nobody's dear fellow, thank you very much. Mind your own business, I say. And go to hell!"

Mr. Love glowed with happiness.

"Well, I'll say good-bye for the time being, and the next time we meet I shall hope to see the influence working."

He strode away, humming a cheerful song, and presently the inn door closed upon him.

The man on the gate turned his resentful eyes away and saw, coming up the lane, a bouncing sort of little man in a brown bowler. The man on the gate hoped this didn't mean more conversation, for he'd had about as much conversation as he could stand.

BUT this time at least he was safe. The bouncing sort of little man in the brown bowler passed the gate without a word and drew in gradually to the side of the lane and the open space which led to the inn.

But before he could reach the inn the door opened and two men, with panic written all over their faces, dashed out and into the open space. They saw the bouncing sort of little man in the brown bowler and ran to him and took his arm.

"Was you goin' in?"

"Yers."

"Don't! *He's* in there!"

"Old——?"

"Yers. That damned old idiot who's always grinning at everything. We bolted just in time, or he'd have had us."

"Ah!" said the bouncing sort of little man in the brown bowler.

"Come on," said one of his friends. "Let's get somewhere else, quick! He get's on my nerves Grinning when it rains. Grinning when the car breaks down. Grinning when the beer's flat. I can't stand it. *Always damned well grinning!* Let's get away."

And away they went.

*

The man on the gate was still chuckling when Mr. Love came out of the inn. When he saw Mr. Love he began to grin, and then began to laugh.

"So the Influence is beginning to work!" said Mr. Love brightly.

"Influ——." The man on the gate could not finish the word for laughing. His mouth opened wide; his eyes closed; he held his stomach and roared. He rocked.

"Influence!" he managed to gasp at last.

And laughed so heartily, and rocked so much, that to his amazement as well as Mr Love's, he rocked himself off the gate into the deep black pond.

"Being a 'billet-mother' keeps me extra busy"

Hardly time for a bath, yet how one needs it!

MORE people to look after. More beds to make. More rations to get. Always on the go. Very little time to linger in the bath!

That's why every bath we take—even when there's only time for a quick wash-down—must do a thorough job. For to-day we live, and often sleep, in crowds.

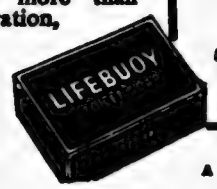
There may be many reasons why we perspire more than usual, and perspiration, if neglected, causes "B.O." (Body-Odour).

So use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap! Even in a quick bath its penetrating lather gets right down into the skin pores and washes out the stale perspiration deposits that cause "B.O."

How fit and fresh you feel after that!

And remember, though it deals so promptly and thoroughly with "B.O." Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is wonderfully kind to the skin.

4D per tablet
(Includes purchase tax)



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more need for
Lifebuoy Toilet Soap

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A *LEVER* PRODUCT

100% tough!

HE'S a "Weetabix" man. Though he doesn't know it, he owes his abounding energy, his sturdy constitution to Weetabix, the food he loves.

Weetabix is a unique, energy-giving food for young and old alike. It contains the essential vitamin B.1, and the vital mineral salts of sun-ripened Wheat. Munition workers and others engaged on long and arduous duties find Weetabix wonderfully palatable and sustaining.

Weetabix can be eaten dry, served with hot or cold milk, spread with jam, honey, marmalade, fish or meat pastes, sardines and other savouries, at any time of the day. Always ready. No waste. British made by British workers.

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STANDARD SIZE 7½D.
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Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it—
How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing ★'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Sold Everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia
THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

★'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

IS YOUR STOMACH A WAR VICTIM?

Before the war you never knew what it was to have indigestion. Now you get burning pain and distressing wind after every meal. That's because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 7d. and 1/1½d. Also family sizes 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*). Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

NEW TREATMENT KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH

LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

The *'Khatorene' Dilator-Penetration Treatment* opens up shut nostrils, and allows powerful germ-killing medicaments to penetrate *nose, ear* and *head* passages which are inaccessible to the usual inhalants, ointments, "drops" and disinfectants. Treatment is in two parts—"Dilator-Penetration" clears Head and Chest; "Tonic-Cleansing" drives Catarrh from Organs *within the body*. SEND 4¾d. ONLY for FREE Trial Supply and explanatory booklet, "*From Catarrh to Perfect Freedom.*" Send TO-DAY.

THE KHATORENE CO.
(Dept. J.B.), 82, High St., Rose-on-Wye.

★ ***HUMANIST deals with cases of jealousy brought about by war conditions, in one of which a man's suspicions were aroused by a***

POISON PEN

A PROBLEM that appears every day among my letters and will continue to do so throughout the war is created by the separation of men from their wives.

When the bombing began in earnest, writes a man of forty-five, I arranged for my wife to accompany the children into a safety area while I remained at my job in Town.

My wife is ten years younger than myself, very good-looking and lively company.

She has a rich sense of humour and her laugh is infectious.

Now some miserable wretch has sent me an anonymous letter to inform me that my wife is flirting with soldiers from a neighbouring camp and living a giddy life.

It says she neglects the children and is often out till nearly midnight.

I have tried to ignore the letter, but the suspicion has taken root and I am terribly worried.

Shall I send her the letter and await her comments? Or shall I go down unexpectedly and see for myself?

Similarly, a soldier's wife writes:

I am nearly distracted with worry.

When my husband came home on seven days' leave he got letters almost every day from some girl living near his camp.

He would not let me see them, but the handwriting on the envelopes was certainly a girl's.

When I challenged him, he lost his temper and told me to mind my own business.

But, Humanist, I think it is my business. For all I know, he may be passing off as a single man.

This affair spoilt the leave for both of us. It may lead to separation or divorce if it is allowed to go on.

Such poignant complaints could fill my page for weeks.

The problem is inevitable.

Evacuated wives suffer from boredom and loneliness, and there is an easy remedy—for those who will take it.

Men in the Forces have time to kill and there is feminine company to be had. The temptation is strong.

But let me emphasise that rumours are always exaggerations of the truth and that writers of anonymous letters are often malicious. They are out to make mischief.

British law presumes a person to be innocent until guilt is proved; the suspect is given the benefit of the doubt.

If we can be so fair in dealing with criminals, surely we can be equally generous in a suspicion concerning a husband or a wife?

Not long ago I received a letter from a woman that impressed me deeply.

She was told that her husband was carrying on with another woman. She refused to believe it until she had proof.

I have tried to ignore the letter, but the suspicion has taken root and I am terribly worried

The man was having a "gay time," neglecting his business, and eventually lost his job.

When baby was a few weeks old, she said, I turned out to work to get food. I told no one, but kept my worry to myself.

When the crash came I thought I would get a separation.

Three times I made my way to the court missionary—but I did not go in.

My brain kept repeating: "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder." So home I returned every time.

I thought to myself that my husband was so good when we were first married that there must be some of it still left in him.

I put a brave face on it, kept laughing, prepared good meals (though I often went hungry myself to do it), but I never once hinted that I knew the cause of the trouble.

It seemed as if my prayers were answered. A change came over him; he took a fresh interest in things; he got a new job.

When I look back on those years I cannot help realising that if I had given up and left him my children would have had to go into a home, and no one can say what would have become of us.

But we are all happy. He is a good husband and father. What happened in the past is buried for ever.

I think that if a woman is not too hasty there is generally a way out.

If your man loved you once, it is up to you to win him back again.

I admire this woman's courage, patience, and, most of all, her forbearance.

She never once told her husband what she had discovered about him. That must have required almost superhuman effort.

The patience of Job is proverbial, and many of us heard about "Patient Griselda" in schooldays; but my correspondent was equal to either of them.

Note this: she realised that her husband's affair was only a passing infatuation.

She had faith in the real man to make good, and her faith was vindicated.

VERY different is a widow's problem:

I have a daughter of twenty and a son of seventeen.

I am wanting to marry again—a single man of my own age who is in business in this town and was a friend of my husband.

But for the upset my children are making I should have accepted his proposal last summer.

My daughter declares she will drown herself if I marry again! My son says he will leave home and live with his grandparents.

Neither will listen to reason. I am in a sad fix. I love my children; it is my duty to look after them.

But I have been a widow for ten years and I know that this man could make us all happy.

If the children leave home, can I force them to come back? Do you advise me to take the risk or shall I give up the idea?

If the children decide to leave home the mother cannot force them to return since they are both over sixteen. They have the legal right to go away if they wish.

But they are taking very short-sighted views.

The girl ought to realise that she may be married during the next few years. By the time the mother is fifty they may both have homes of their own.

Do they think it a pleasant prospect for a widow to live alone for twenty years or more? Or do they think she should live with one of them?

They ought to look eight or ten years ahead and try to see things from the mother's point of view. At present they see no further than the end of 1941.

Frankly, if the widow cares for this bachelor sufficiently, I think it would be an excellent opportunity for her.

The alternative is a lonely old age.

The girl's threat to drown herself is not worth taking seriously. She is far more likely to console herself with a box of chocolates.

Some weeks ago I quoted a letter from a lonely widower, and for a whole week afterwards I was reading letters from lonely widows.

They nearly all said that such loneliness was worse for a woman than a man.

A widower can engage a housekeeper to look after the home, but a widow dare not invite a man into the house without fear of scandal.

If she has young children, she often has to be breadwinner as well as a mother.

Later on, when the children have all left home, she has an awful feeling of being unwanted in her declining years.

In normal times the residential hotels at the seaside are full of widows who have no particular purpose in life except to hang on.

Their conversation is all about the past—never about the future.

Because many of them have had interesting lives, it seems such an anti-climax, like a play which fails in the final act.

One should never be cheap enough to laugh at them.

The majority are among the unrecognised casualties of the last world war.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

PERSECUTION

PERSECUTION, to a Jew, does not mean just its trial and pain, not only blinded eyes that can but feel Life's streaming rain, not just agony of heart at which brutality is aimed; it holds soul-consolation long after he has been maimed.

PERSECUTION, to a Jew, is not just mystic brand of Race, not just the smile that is beaten off his sensitive, quivering face, not just deep humiliation which burns, and flays, and sears; it is something far more vital than his slow, blood-mingled tears.

PERSECUTION, to a Jew, is not just memories of ancient pain rubbed like salt into his wounds again and yet again, it is the leaven of Life's bread by which he strives to live, the holy price of suffering which his soul is assigned to give.

PERSECUTION, to a Jew, is the threads his Race all weave, that braid of humility and arrogance which they bind upon Life's sleeve, it is the lighted taper which New Eras can never quench, it is the Incense of Heaven above oppression's stench.

PERSECUTION, to a Jew, is the seal of their timeless power, it is the Sign upon the brow of those who wait the Hour; when they will take their place again in the World's Solemn Design; thus in the dust of suffering his soul glows in the Great Resign.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

William Sharp has just been discharged from the Royal Air Force due to heart trouble. Until he regains strength it will be impossible for him to find work.

Before joining up he had a small garage business and so is not entitled to unemployment insurance benefit.

Living near Stowmarket, in Suffolk, with his wife and four children, he has had to sell part of his home.

The whole family is badly in need of shoes and clothing.

Will you try to help William Sharp and his dependants?

Donations should be earmarked "Garage" and sent to the Hon. Secretary, "John Bull" War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent when addresses are given. Subscription lists can be seen at this office or will be forwarded on application.

Nothing is deducted for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

THE TWO MAGIC TABLETS

WITH THE POWER TO

END PAIN QUICKLY!

The 4 powerful ingredients in Phensic melt pain away—safely and swiftly. Phensic possesses what doctors call *synergistic power*. That is, the effectiveness of each ingredient is *tremendously* increased because it is combined with the other 3. Absolutely safe for weak hearts. Get some now: 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (*Including Purchase Tax*)

Always Remember Phensic FOR NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO COLDS & 'FLU

Phensic

Pronounced FEN-ZIK Brand

THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Courageous action demands coolness—and when time comes to slacken off, coolness is again the demand. No wonder *cool* Bondman fills the pipe for sheer contentment. Know it yourself—enjoy it today!

LLOYDS' Bondman TOBACCO

IN 1 oz. VACUUM TINS

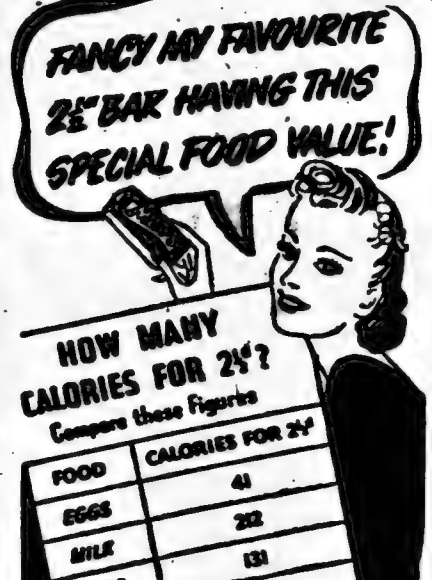
THIS TIN IS VALUABLE

When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to your tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz
EMPIRE BLEND 1/5½ per oz

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C

126b



Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

NO BLACK OUT FOR TEETH WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs

7½d and 1/3 including Tax
Prices U.K. only

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 GD21Ep

"BEEFEATERS" The King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard were founded by Henry VII. in 1485 and were the first permanent Royal Guard. Their functions are now ceremonial.

For Smartness on all occasions they use—

SO BRILLIANT — SO QUICK — SO EASY

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CS/TB/12.

DAZZLING WINDOWS
3 times quicker

I SHAKE SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH
APPLY LIGHTLY TO WINDOW —NO HARD RUBBING IS NECESSARY
ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY, THEN GIVE A QUICK POLISH WITH A DRY DUSTER

Windolene is so beautifully easy to use! No water splashing—no hard rubbing—no fuss or bother! Windolene cleans in a jiffy. It's economical, too—a 6d. tin of Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass. Try it on your windows, mirrors and picture glass.

Bluebell Polish Co., London, W.C.1 (Reckitt & Sons)

3d., 6d. and 1/- a tin

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

We have every reason to praise Phosferine

say Sutton Coldfield husband and wife

"My husband underwent an operation which left him a nervous wreck. One day I read of the merits of Phosferine, and immediately bought a bottle. There was an improvement at once, and as I was feeling the strain of nursing I took some too, and we have every reason to praise the merits of Phosferine. My husband is now fully recovered and in splendid health."

Mrs. M. L. H.,
SUTTON COLDFIELD.

Ask your Chemist for Phosferine to-day!

10 DROPS WILL FORTIFY YOU

PHOSFERINE Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8

(*Including Purchase Tax*).

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is twenty four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

Voice of the People

WHILE my children were attending a children's matinée at the local theatre, "Jerry" came over and submitted us to a daylight raid.

Rushing to get my children, I heard the manager telling the youngsters that the Mickey Mouse film would be resumed for any who wanted to stay, but anyone wanting to leave could do so at once.

Roars of cheers greeted the news that they could stay: a determined "No!" the invitation to leave. Not a child went out.

Walt Disney had beaten Adolf Hitler. —Mr. A. B. Paterson (address withheld).

Foot Perfect?

Regarding it as a patriotic duty, I decided to give my services as a chiropodist free to the Forces for one day a week.

Although there must be many soldiers who would benefit from such skilled attention as I could give, the military authorities sent me to the civil authorities, they took my name—and six months have now elapsed without my hearing a word or getting a free patient. —Mrs. F. Boothway, Certified Chiropodist, Osmaston Road, Derby.

Not Worth It

During the last war a lot was heard of the No Treating Order.

Some maintain that it made a very substantial contribution to the victory we won.

If that is so, why isn't it reintroduced to-day?—J. Hart, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

Because it was a pettifogging interference with the liberty of the subject, and better results can be got without making children of us.

Tin Hats to Spare

My husband, who is a railway signalman and part-time special constable, has been issued with two steel helmets—one for each job.

He mustn't use his railway helmet for his police duties—or *vice versa*.

Yet there are A.R.P. wardens in bombed areas who have one helmet among four.—Mrs. S. R., Dumbartonshire.

We heard of a case of a man supplied with three tin hats.

Pity the Young!

I see that youngsters—Heaven help them—are getting such names as Winston, Gort, Wavell, to say nothing of Sirena for a little girl.

One remembers the Boer War song which referred to a gentleman named Kitchener Carrington Methuen Kekewich White Plumer Powell Majuba Cattega Warren Colenso Kruger Capetown Mafeking French Kimberley Ladysmith Bobs Lyddite Pretoria Blobbs.

Don't let us have another world of Franklin de Roosevelt Jones's.—Lilian G. Hempel, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

The Hogs of War

I know quite well that the Government allows motorists just enough petrol to keep their cars in running order in case they become necessary to the war effort.

I know, too, that the amount of grain fed to racehorses wouldn't go far distributed among the general population.

But when a man goes to the races in a twenty horse-power car, peers at well-fed racehorses through binoculars that would be invaluable to a trawler skipper, and then finishes up with an excellent racecourse meal without coupons, no excuse can protect him.—N. P., Glenfield, Whittington, Worcester

Bad Boys Make Good

Problems of juvenile delinquency are now engaging a Home Office enquiry.

Bad boys there undoubtedly are—but let us not forget that too many people regard daring, impertinent and mischievous boys as "bad."

Such qualities—and *I* call them qualities—must have abounded five, six, eight years ago in "those few to whom," in Mr. Churchill's words, "so many owe so much."

We mustn't let short-sighted reformers crush the spirit in the race.—H. Searle, Exmouth, Devon.

We're Tough Guys

From an American who joined the Canadian Army, and who happened to be my charming companion on a train journey from Leicester to Northampton:

"It amuses me to see you people going to see our Wild West films and getting all het up about the thrills.

"You folk want to send to the Wild West some films about places where there are real thrills—London, Coventry and the like. Tough? You'd give us a lesson in toughness!"—H. L. Corby, Aylestone, Leicester.

Sex Equality!

Lots of talk, these days, about the equality of the sexes.

As an old furnaceman said to me: "When I see a woman working shift for shift with men in front of a furnace, or becoming sewer workers, I'll believe it all."

Women are magnificent in what they do, but not while jobs have to be specially picked for them will they count as the equal of men.—A. R., 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Colour-Scheme

Is it necessary for the Government to issue so many different stamps of the same denomination in these days when it is so necessary to economise?

There are different sixpenny stamps for postage, insurance, savings and agriculture. Surely one would do?—Ann Furlong, Walters Road, Llanelly, Carmarthen.

Official answer is that it is for accountancy purposes. People trying to get 1s. 3d. Air Mail stamp to send letter to troops often get 1s. 3d. National Health stamp, which complicates life for Army Post Office.

Official Charmers

A food enforcement officer sent a pretty young woman round trying to tempt traders to sell rationed goods without a coupon.

One butcher, charmed into supplying a lamb chop, had to pay £25 for the privilege.

I am not excusing such traders when I say that using good-looking decoys in this way isn't consonant with British ideas of justice.—B. C., Abbots Place, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Sneers at Red Cross

One of your readers wonders what has become of the familiar Red Cross worn by the R.A.M.C. man.

Well, in many units the wearing of the Red Cross brassard is compulsory. But when outside his station the average man hides it away, because of the sneers it attracts.

I have had such sneers at my expense. We shall always have them while so many conscientious objectors find their way into our ranks.—Staff-Sergeant, R.A.M.C.

If sneerers trouble to look at the breast of R.A.M.C. "Wallahs," as the Army knows them, they will sometimes see a V.C. ribbon.

"SO DON'T GRUMBLE"

I SPENT an hour reflecting over old suits of armour in the museum.

These men, I thought, would have been too small to get into the Army of to-day.

Still, they made Britain—and here's another thought.

There were no foodships bringing food to Britain for them. They lived—and lived well—on the products of the fields, the woods, the rivers, the sea.

Can't we therefore do so smilingly—until, the war once won, we get a chance to eat till we burst?—B. C., Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

THERE was no sugar till the thirteenth century; no coal fires till the fourteenth; no buttered bread till the fifthteenth; no potatoes or tobacco till the sixteenth; no coffee, tea or soap till the seventeenth; no puddings till the eighteenth.

And no gas, matches or electricity till the nineteenth; no canned goods for the masses till the twentieth.

Come what may, we shall still be living in luxury compared with the "good" old days!—F. W. K., Woodfield, near Dursley, Glos.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BRENTWOOD GAZETTE:—"The Chairman COMPLICATED P.C. —— on his promptness of action."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Her hand and arm were shielding the FACES of her son."

LINCOLNSHIRE STANDARD:—"The child was blue with the CHILD."

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES:—"Mrs. —— was summoned for riding a cycle WITHOUT an unauthorised front lamp."

BATH CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"Bridges have been strengthened to CARRY LOADS of 20 tons."

DAILY MAIL:—"The sandwich position would be solved by a reduction in the variety of FITTINGS available."

KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER:—"It is easy to flog a willing HORSE."

Disabled Men Help the New Cripples

FOUR hundred disabled ex-Servicemen of the last war are "doing their bit" again this time.

Their more than £500,000-a-year output at the "Armistice Poppy Factory" largely maintains the British Legion. **And since this war started the Legion has given invaluable help to hundreds of thousands of serving and ex-Servicemen of to-day, and to their families.**

* * *

Relief for service and ex-Service bomb victims takes up much of the voluntary helpers' time. Official relief and compensation are often tardy. But local Legion branches act at once. With money grants (over and above official grants) for immediate needs; with clothes for the bombed-out; with expert advice on filling up claims for compensation and on rent and legal problems.

Ex-Servicemen are found jobs through the employment section. Some need special training, which is provided. Of the 26,000 found work in the first year of war, 3,000 were disabled, many from this war.

* * *

Legion experts help to obtain pensions for the disabled, even when the Ministry have repeatedly turned down claims.

Over 4,300 claims were investigated in the first year—half of them by men serving in this war.

Nearly one half of the claims taken up with the Ministry succeeded. Hundreds of families can thank the Legion for their present standard of living.

Whitehall-worded regulations about allowances and assistance, about war time rent and hire-purchase puzzle most families. Many fail to secure their due through incorrect applications. But the Legion straightened out 200,000 such queries by dependants of serving and ex-Servicemen in a year.

In addition thousands of families are given pensions of 10s. a week by the Legion itself. Orphans are looked after; funeral expenses paid.

And the Legion already has a special committee to consider problems of demobilisation and the return to civil life. The last war muddle must not recur, they say.

★ This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Wartime Smoking and Your Smile

Whatever Wartime makes you do, take no chances with your teeth. A real ODOL Smile is more important than ever. And, above all, don't risk a tooth-paste which uses abrasives to secure whitening. It will injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay.
What about your tooth-paste? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the slightest trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is the finest and smoothest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

Smile!

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d.
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

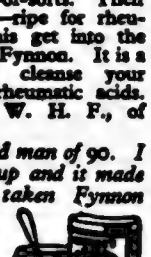
This spring

Try a fortnight on Fynnon

Nature's Salt of the Earth

The call of spring is in the air . . . and many folk feel listless and out-of-sorts. Their joints and muscles are lazy—ripe for rheumatism. If you feel like this get into the fashion and try a fortnight on Fynnon. It is a blood-purifier—and it will cleanse your blood and clear away the rheumatic acids. Like thousands more Mr. W. H. F., of Southampton, confirms this:

"I was feeling like an old man of 90. I just could not cheer myself up and it made me very irritable. Have taken Fynnon Salt and now am as happy as the birds in spring-time."



Fynnon is purely Nature's Salt of the Earth. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5. Trial size 7d. Prices include Purchase Tax.

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middx.

MY THANKS TO YOU ARE OVERDUE

It Seems A Wonderful Thing

I HAVE RECEIVED INESTIMABLE BENEFIT FROM YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic

Rayleigh,
March 10th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I really feel my thanks to you are overdue for your wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets, and I am prompted in writing this letter by the hope that other sufferers will at least give them a trial.

I have suffered from nervous debility for three years and after taking a course of Yeast-Vite I have received inestimable benefit, so much so that I now feel I am really on the road to complete recovery, which, after three years' suffering seems a wonderful thing.

Yours with grateful thanks,
(Sgd.) E. S.

Yeast-Vite is an accurate scientific combination of PURE MEDICINAL YEAST (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), especially rich in Vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. Yeast-Vite is the record QUICK tonic.

Guildford,
9th March, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I am a busy district nurse, and have derived great benefit from Yeast-Vite. I take every opportunity of recommending them to my friends.

(Sgd.) Nurse K. H. (S.R.N.)

COULD NOT PULL MYSELF TOGETHER

St. Helens,
March 10, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must give you this unsolicited testimonial.

After a serious operation a year ago, I could not pull myself together. I tried Yeast-Vite which put new life into me.

Now my husband, doing heavy war work, says he could not keep going but for Yeast-Vite.

You may use this testimonial in any way.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. G. A.

A REAL PICK-ME-UP

Leeds,
March 12, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

This is just to let you know how good Yeast-Vite Tablets are. They are wonderful for indigestion and stomach troubles, also for nerves, and a real pick-me-up.

We have used Yeast-Vite for many years. My mother was never without them; they kept her young and healthy. She always praised Yeast-Vite to everybody; they are truly wonderful.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. E. B.

"VERY GOOD INDEED"

Acton, W.3,
March 10, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I must say I have found Yeast-Vite tablets very good indeed.

I have a mother, a widow 76 years of age, also a brother an invalid from birth, 40. Yeast-Vite Tablets have done me so much good I would dearly love to give them to mother and brother. I only wish I had more money to afford to spend on them. I know they would make them both feel better in many ways. I know mother is getting on and needs a tonic.

I shall always speak most highly of Yeast-Vite Tablets; they have done me more good than anything else.

(Sgd.) Miss M. T.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets, 7d., 1/5, 3/5, and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples and spots on the face humiliate a child at school and leave nasty scars. They are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day and give the little one a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act perfectly; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. For 'California Syrup of Figs' has the natural health-giving, invigorating, blood-purifying value of fruit.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Doctors and nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs.' Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (including Purchase Tax), with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

thoroughly, easily, pleasantly

MOST housewives have extra work to do these days. So Harpic's quick, simple, efficient action on the lavatory is a boon indeed. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises all at the same time and leaves the bowl spotless. Try it! Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d. 1/-, and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON.

A. W. HELLIWELL describes the success-studded career of the evergreen "Kid" Berg, who, when his manager regretfully announced that the Kid was retiring from the ring, promptly won the lightweight championship of Great Britain. That was in 1934—and Helliwell is quite prepared to see him still boxing ten years hence.

PETER PAN KID BERG

IF ever a young man was born to fight, was born with the smell of resin in his nostrils and with restless fists, it was Judah Bergman—Jack "Kid" Berg to you, and "Yiddle," just plain "Yiddle," to thousands of his admirers east of Aldgate Pump.

For nearly twenty years he has been throwing punches, battling in the reckless, tear-away style he has made all his own—a sort of "Kid" Berg copyright, as it were.

To-day, with goodness knows how many fights under his belt and scalps to his credit, the idol of Whitechapel is still going strong.

I have seen Berg—now in Air Force blue—fight three times in the last few months, and although he is no longer the dynamic "Kid" of the early 1930's, he still qualifies for the title of the ring's perpetual motion king.

And he still has the trick of lifting the fans out of their seats in sheer excitement when he goes in there slinging punches.

Battered Features

The evergreen "Kid's" profession is written plainly in his battle-scarred features. Thousands of blows have battered his once-handsome profile.

His finely chiselled nose is now broad and flattened; his dark eyes are sunk deep under heavy bony ridges.

It is the face of a fighter, of a man who has never taken a backward step in the ring in his life, for Berg has ever been intolerant of defence, ever ready to take one blow if, by so doing, he could land two in return.

What a wonder he is, this tough and stocky Peter Pan of pugilism.

At least three times in his long and success-studded career—it may be more—Jackie Berg has had a "retired" label tied to his gloves, but each time the experts have written him off as finished he has staged another dazzling comeback.

As long ago as 1934 shrewd old Joe Jacobs, who managed the Londoner in America, shifting the inevitable cigar from one side of his face to the other, announced regretfully to the New York sporting Press: "Berg is retiring. He is finished."

He added that it was his considered opinion that the "Kid," one of the grandest scrappers ever to cross the Atlantic, had burned himself out by the sheer ferocity of his ring tactics.

Came Home to Win

Whereupon Berg, packing his grip and breaking off his much-publicised romance with a New York millionaire's daughter, came home to England to win the British lightweight championship.

I was at the ringside on that October evening in 1934 when Jackie, with the Shield of David embroidered on his silk trunks, battered his fellow East Ender, Harry Mizler, into helpless submission in ten rounds and stepped into the ranks of the champions for the first time.

Seated immediately behind me was Johnny Weissmuller and petite Lupe Velez, and to me the night is almost as memorable for her shrill chorus of encouragement to Berg as for his magnificent fighting.

Lupe must be among the world's noisiest and most excitable fight fans. When she yelled "Kill heem, Keed," or some similarly enthusiastic advice, her voice could be clearly heard over the roar of the considerably excited crowd even in the most remote corners of the arena, so that its effect on my eardrums at close range can be imagined.

During an interval in a broadcast, the "Kid" gives Frances Day a descriptive version of what he'd like to do to Hitler

But it was a great night for "Yiddle," a great night in the East End, too, along the Commercial Road, where they had known him since the days when he had hung around the back door of the old Premierland, a pale-faced, frail-looking, ring-struck bit of a kid, who gazed in awe and wonder at even the lowliest of the "preliminary" boys.

For already the lure of the roped square was tugging his heart, already he longed to be a fighter, and it was at the Premierland that he first stuffed those tireless fists of his into a pair of gloves.

He fought there once a week for 15s. a fight, and by the time he was sixteen he was topping the bill at the Albert Hall, meeting and beating matured men, seasoned veterans of many battles.

It is because Berg started so young, and because people remember him as a star back in the 'twenties, that his continued appearances in the ring are so astonishing.

I must frankly confess that I have more than once been convinced that "Yiddle's" brilliant career must at last pass into its sunset, but now I refuse to be amazed any longer.

How far on the wrong side of thirty Jackie is I'm not sure, but I am perfectly prepared to be seated at the ringside watching him ten years hence!

Provided an Eyeful!

I shall always remember meeting him—many years ago—when he returned from one of his many spectacularly successful American tours.

Berg at that time was quite a dandy—the best-dressed fighter in the world they called him—and as he stepped off the boat he certainly provided an eyeful.

An immaculately pressed suit of white linen draped his broad shoulders, and this was set off by a pink carnation in the lapel, white buckskin shoes, and a snowy Panama. Around one wrist was a gold chain bracelet and on one finger a diamond solitaire glittered.

Jack had been a sensation in the States. They loved the way he came out with his chin tucked into his left shoulder, his eyes blazing and his fists whirling.

Berg's slugging, all-action style was a gilt-edged investment there.

He has earned plenty of money in this country, but nothing approaching the several fortunes he has picked up in America. From one short trip alone he returned with £13,000.

That was back in the days of Berg's £400-a-week music-hall engagements, his cabaret appearances and his film contracts; when he and golden-haired Bunty Payne, riding side by side, were one of the Sunday morning sights in Rotten Row.

But "Yiddle" has never let the glamour of being a champion dazzle him, and it is to his credit that he was more eager to fight and earn his money in the ring than as an entertainer.

And two more orchids to him—one for his pride in being an East End boy and his unswerving loyalty to his old friends there; the second for his devotion to his family.

He has come back home rich and famous, but always his first thought has been to escape the welcoming crowds and meet his mother and father. I like him for that.

A Strange Mixture

Berg is, indeed, a mixture of strange contrasts.

You would hardly credit that the scowling and vicious young man you watch in the ring and the softly spoken, modest and charming fellow you meet afterwards could be one and the same.

As a boy he had a variety of jobs. He was a cabinet maker's apprentice, a cinema operator, a barber's boy and a shop assistant, but it is a certainty that, even without his fistic skill, he would be a wealthy young man to-day, for he has a shrewd business head.

Many fighters have been wise enough to have their earnings invested for them, but Berg is the only one I know who, between contests, carried on a real estate agency to secure his fortune.

Berg's savage and gory battles with Tony Canzoneri brought him his bitterest disappointments. When they clashed for the first time Berg outslugged the Italian in one of the most thrilling and punishing fights ever seen at the famous Madison Square Garden.

Unhappily for Jackie, Canzoneri was not then world champion, and when he did hold the title, and the Londoner, brimming with confidence because of his previous success, was matched with him, he could not repeat his victory.

Twice Berg and Canzoneri fought for the world crown and twice the Englishman lost.

It was a sad blow to "Yiddle."

He took it philosophically and with a smile, and he came back fighting, but I am sure he would have given half his fortune to have been able to bring that glittering trophy back to his well-loved East End.

Letter from A.F.S. Man's Widow

Mr. T. M. Findlay, of Glasgow, on A.F.S. duty during a heavy raid, was killed by a bomb.

His widow has received a prompt cheque under our Free Air Raid Insurance Scheme, and writes:

I have suffered a great loss, and my husband's place can never be filled, but kindness such as you have shown me goes a long way to ease my mind regarding the welfare of my little girl. You have been prompt in your payment, and that, too, is a great consideration.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom. The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters and Fire Watchers.

★ ***JOHN BULL can help you. If in difficulty or doubt about anything, except a medical matter, write to us, sending a stamped addressed envelope with your enquiry. There is no charge for our advice. Address letters to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2***

The Last Laugh

D. N. (Market Drayton).—"Don't you like tea in bed in the morning?" No, we prefer it in a cup.

P. R. (Gravesend).—"My husband praised my appearance and I was wearing my last year's costume." That's why.

J. N. (Jarrow).—"What is the answer to the great drink question?" Same again.

R. N. (Dover).—"I once made a speech lasting five hours. It was regarded as a great feat of endurance." For the audience?

S. H. (Nuneaton).—"I can't imagine what came over me as I left the church with my bride on my arm." Confetti?

N. K. (Northallerton).—"I'm afraid I make mistakes the same as anyone else." Why not be original and make different ones?

F. G. (London, W.6).—"You should see my house—furniture scattered everywhere and the air filled with dust." Bomb or spring-cleaning?

P. Y. (Stepney).—"I am sorry to trouble you, but I must really ask you once again whether you are prepared to arrange for my play to be produced." Certainly, any day you care to call for it.

R. L. B. (Catford).—"I was sauntering along looking at a letter from my fiancée when I was almost knocked down by a tram." You shouldn't read between the lines

G. N. (Kennington).—"The other day I saw a sandwichman walking about with both his boards perfectly blank." Well, surely you don't grudge the poor fellow a holiday?

S. E. (Castleton).—"If I had my way the Stock Exchange would be abolished." We've never had much luck on it either.

BUTLER (Knightsbridge).—"I always smoke the same cigars as my master." Only he smokes the first half?

S. C. (Buxton).—"I think there is nothing worse than a dog bringing fleas into one's house." Except a dog that neglects to take said fleas out again.

F. L. (East Coast).—"What do you advise me to put on my windows to prevent them being broken during an air raid?" An efficient black-out, if your neighbours are conscientious.

D. N. (London, S.E.).—"Germany now claims that she can land 50,000 troops in this country in twenty-four hours." What a large number of concentration camps we shall need.

H. A. (Peterborough).—"I asked the fellow I had seen hanging about my daughter so much what he wanted with her." But surely you should know best what you can afford?

MRS. W. (Farncombe).—"One can never trust a man. When I was married my husband said I could look forward to having everything I wanted." Well, he is not trying to prevent you looking forward, is he?

RECRUIT (Training Camp).—"Smokes are unobtainable here, and there are hardly any amusements. Do you think they'd let me send for my grand piano?" Yes—if you tell them you left your cigarettes on it.

J. J. (Kettering).—"In my job every competent worker gets a look in." Window cleaner?

N. O. (Haslemere).—"My husband has had severe indigestion for over six months." Been without a cook as long as all that?

H. A. (Northampton).—"A woman's face used to be her fortune." Now it's the beauty specialist's.

SAM (Newmarket).—"Would you like something straight from the horse's mouth?" No, thanks. We've been bitten before.

L. D. (Pickering).—"After reading my MS. have you any correction you would like to suggest?" Yes. The impression that you can write.

L. C. (Thorpe).—"As soon as I passed through the door I realised that the house had a unique atmosphere." Somebody cooking onions in the kitchen?

MISS M. (Salford).—"The most interesting man I know has all the good qualities a woman likes, but somehow I never want to go to see him." Your dentist?

ELSIE (Scarborough).—"A half-witted assistant in a shoe shop hadn't any size 6 shoes, so what do you think he suggested?" Two pairs of threes?

M. F. (Lingfield).—"They talk about afforestation experts, but what do you think has been my experience with trees?" Barking up the wrong ones?

"F" series of Tokens are now discontinued, and readers who still require these Tokens may use any other series.

"Nao! That's not the land mine, fat'ead! That's my old woman lookin' at the 'ole it made"

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Dear Sirs, 56 Marine Parade, Brighton.

Finding 'ASPRO' all that it states, I feel I must write you as I shall be eternally grateful to you after my past experience. I developed a nasty pain in my right side. It seemed to envelop the whole of my hip, too. I felt it must be rheumatism, developed from a severe chill from swimming in very cold water. Well, yesterday I took 2 'ASPRO' tablets after every meal. I slept throughout the whole of last night and awoke a changed being. You can imagine my joy throughout to-day when I found no pain returning. It has done the trick, and I can shout from the house tops, "'ASPRO' for ever."

Thank you again and again. I shall always recommend it now in the most stubborn cases. Excuse my hilarity but I am so very happy at being well again.—Yours very gratefully,

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